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POEMS AND ESSAYS.

BY

MRS. G. SEWELL.

VOL. III.

POEMS

AND

ESSAYS.

BY

Mrs. G. Sewell,

RELICT OF THE LATE REV. GEORGE SEWELL,
RECTOR OF BYFLEET, SURREY.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

CHERTSEY:

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PREFACE.

THE very great obligations which the Author of the following work is under to her generous and respectable Subscribers, cannot perhaps, be so gratefully and permanently acknowledged as in this volume. Having by the mercy of Providence at last accomplished the undertaking, she would consider herself as unpardonably deficient, at the same time if she omitted to pay the most animated tribute of thanks to one in particular—that dignified benefactor, to whom she had once the honour of dedicating an early composition, and who now has patronised her present work in a manner so peculiarly benevolent as the warmest and most sanguine expectation could never have aspired to!—That a volume prepared with much study and attention, (delayed with so much concern, and encouraged with so much kindness and consideration), may at length be esteemed worthy—is the ardent wish of the Author.

CHERTSEY, DEC. 1808.

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POEMS,

&c.

THE PALACE OF TRUTH.

IN TWO CANTOS.

WAND'RING and wild, with chills of deep dismay,
A woe-worn traveller took his dreary way.
Deep was the gloom, and solemn midnight spread
Its awful shadows round his houseless head,
And thick the forest stood; no thought cou'd tell
What dangers there, or savage wolves might dwell.
Trembling he paus'd—and scarce cou'd hope serene
Afford one ray to chear the gloomy scene.

Ah!—Was it fancy?—Or a female form,
Which dared to venture thro' the gath'ring storm?
Undeck'd with ornament, in rustic vest
(Yet pure and spotless) was the damsel drest;
Her eyes of timid blue, and softly bright—
Oft on the ground they turn'd their bashful light;
And oft a glow upon her cheek wou'd rise,
Like the soft twilight of the summer skies!
With modest courtesy she thus began,
As some kind angel might have spoke to man.—
" Whither, ah whither dost thou take thy course?
" Oh seek not in those shades a dire resource!
" For know, sequester'd in its noisome cells
" By serpents guarded, grim destruction dwells.
" Far from thy present view, a structure stands
" Of heavenly mould, not built by mortal hands,
" There will I lead thee, for methinks I see
" A votary to my honour'd Queen in thee.

" A mistress that I serve, divinely fair,
" In pomp and splendour dwells unrivall'd there;
" And shou'dst thou trust me, homely tho' I seem,
" I'll crown thy hopes with happiness supreme;
" Or lead thee to a fair thy heart may chuse,
" And golden treasure which thou canst not lose."
Amaz'd the traveller stood—a radiant light
Confounds at once his timid wond'ring sight;
Perplex'd he views—and scarce can'd fond belief
Presume with rapture, to dissolve his grief.
" Yes; I will trust thee, then," he faintly cried,
" Oh gentle maid! I'll take thee for my guide,
" Rich are thy offers, gen'rous, frank, and free,
" But most that soothing smile enchants in thee."

" Away! fond youth!—no flattery I allow"—
And lo, a frown obscures the damsel's brow,

" The courtier's language from thy speech expel,
" Or know—I take at once my last farewel!"

Abash'd he stood—yet wond'ring he survey'd
How vanity cou'd miss so fair a maid!—
And now thro' devious paths, they took their road
Where many an hideous gulph its aspect shew'd,
And many a narrow way and lowly vale
Where oft the lilly cast its blossoms pale,
And flowers of humble growth perfum'd the air
As village nymphs, or innocence might wear!

Long was the dreary wood these trav'llers pass'd
But sweet success shall crown their toils at last.
High on a lofty mount of verdure bright,
A glorious palace charms the gazer's sight!
Its chrystal gates illum'd with heav'nly rays
To mortal eyes, appear'd with dazzling blaze.

Twelve princely columns of stupendous height
Sustain'd the dome, and shew'd the artists might
While on its top a golden eagle stood
And taught to gaze on Heaven its infant brood.
Two tutor'd lions close their station kept,
Like faithful centinels, by turns they slept;
But mild and courteous—to the honest guest
A welcome unforeseen their looks express'd.

The weary traveller with his guardian fair
With silent awe, beheld a scene so rare;
'Twas strange!—where stately guards their post maintain'd,
The humble damsel still an entrance gain'd!
But now, a nobler scene his wonder fires
And kindles in his soul its best desires—
Bright on a throne of precious jaspar made,
Crown'd with a diadem of stars display'd—

Her shining tresses flowing on her breast
Of matchless white—and deck'd in azure vest,
Glowing with beauty and immortal youth
Resplendent sate, the radiant Queen of Truth.
No earthly charms—no form with her's cou'd shine,
'Twas virtue seen—'twas perfect, 'twas divine!—
With courteous smile, she view'd the rustic maid,
" Welcome humility," she sweetly said,
" Thy gentle art a votary oft has given,
" And rear'd my pupils for the courts of Heaven.
" But graver wisdom must the work complete,
" And give this hopeful guest a calm retreat:
" There may he learn the silent useful art
" To penetrate his own unconscious heart.—
" Go, gentle youth!—but hold for ever dear
" The kind and gen'rous nymph who brought thee
" here!

" To science even, my soul her voice prefers.
" And know, my key of peace is ever her's."

Then with a noble, a majestic look,
The lovely Queen a sacred volume took.—
That power; that heavenly language which can speak
The beauteous glow that beams on Mercy's cheek,
When softly she unlocks the captive's cell
To tell him, life's restored—and all is well!
May paint her charms ineffable; when Truth
Bestow'd this treasure on the grateful youth
He thanks her with a meek yet graceful mien,
And swore allegiance to the matchless Queen.
Ah me!—He little thought the caitiff sin
Still lurk'd a traitor, in his breast within.
And many a battle rude must mark his way
To Truth's fair mansion's in the realms of day.

Slowly, reluctant!—with her charms imprest,
He now withdraws, to taste of welcome rest;
And softer were the calm delicious hours,
Than ere was felt in luxury's festive bowers!
Refresh'd he 'woke—from fev'rish tumults free,
And breath'd the dawn of life and liberty.

SECOND CANTO.

Now the sweet lark began his early song,
No fear the anxious youth shou'd slumber-long!
Light from his couch he sprung, alert and gay,
With expectation wing'd to meet the day!
Beneath his window, flowers of various hue,
And fragrant blossoms drank the morning dew.
Wond'rous indeed, the climate here must be,
For autumn too display'd its treasures free.

Luxuriant boughs reveal'd the gard'ner's care,
And shew'd such fruits as Paradise might bear.
Beyond th' encircl'ing lawn, there rose sublime
Majestic trees—the growth of antient time;
They form'd an avenue of awful length,
Exceeding far the eye of mortal strength.
Th' aspiring youth, with ardour to explore
Such beauteous scenes as ne'er he view'd before,
With bold presumption panting in his breast
Rush'd from his chamber of nocturnal rest.
Firm were his nerves, and swift his motions too,
But, soon his fearless heart its weakness knew.
Inclos'd in chrystal walls, a prisoner still,
His power was small, tho' boundless was his will.
An heavenly inmate of the beauteous place
Beheld him, wand'ring with disorder'd pace,
And gently call'd him with superior grace,

" Presume not stranger! helpless as thou art,
" At once to gain the wishes of thy heart!
" Prepare thee first to hear instruction meek,
" For he who roams, her pow'rful aid must seek.
" The treasures here, exhaustless and divine
" Before thy feeble sight in vain wou'd shine.
" Yet may'st thou see, if patience guides thy way,
" A nobler scene than monarchs can display;
" And shou'd so pure an air thy wishes suit,
" Eternal joy shall crown thy blest pursuit,
" Cast round thine eyes"—the youth obey'd with awe,
Grav'd on the walls a sacred scroll he saw
In letters—not of gold, but crimson hue
And ting'd with fire, " Religion" met his view!
A stately door was seen—with aspect grave
A friendly porter here admission gave;

He welcom'd all by gracious Truth's command:
A wond'rous wand conspicuous in his hand.—
Whate'er it touch'd (still faithful to its trust)
If error's work, wou'd moulder into dust;
Tho' richly deck'd, and even with jewels rare,
Its texture must dissolve, in empty air!
Dazzling to view, a chrystal mirror stood,
Pure and transparent as the cleansing flood,
All was reflected there—the eye survey'd
In this strange glass surprising changes made!
The proud gigantic folio oft wou'd shrink,
And even in straw the diadem wou'd shrink.
Blots wou'd appear to spoil the fairest line,
And round the gilded picture snakes wou'd 'twine!
The beauteous face wou'd seem no longer fair
But almost fright us with Medusa's air,
Whilst meek deformity a grace would shew
And misery's cheek wou'd wear a cherub's glow:

—Here many an humble work in rubbish cast
In Truth's bright catalogue, wou'd shine at last.
Not in first rank of those she most reveres
But honoured still, philosophy appears;
The hoary sage his stately bust displays!
And Plato shines with still superior rays;
And near that holy Book asserts its right.
Which here unseal'd, diffuses glorious light.

Around, with just resemblance—shines sublime
Truth's noble advocates, of ev'ry clime:
Array'd in armour, with imperial grace
Her blood-stain'd warriors deck the solemn place.
Victorious Constantine and numbers more
Who once the christian cross triumphant bore.—
Immortal Constantine!—in treasur'd lines
Thy name in Britain's page tho' faintly, shines!

Bright was the day which nurs'd thy infant youth
And plac'd thy banners, in the court of Truth!—
With milder dignity, and look serene,
Majestic wisdom at his desk was seen;
Close at his side appear'd a sprightly youth
Tho' lov'd, not flatter'd, in the realms of Truth;
Oft in his cheek the mantling glow would rise
And beams of rapture sparkled in his eyes.—
Sometimes a look enamour'd wou'd they cast
On fancy's form, when graver toils were past;
And fancy with a warm congenial flame,
Admir'd the youth—for Genius was his name!
She dared not here exert her captious power,
Lest pois'nous weeds shou'd mingle with the flower.
Bright Spenser's muse, and some in virtue's sphere,
Had gain'd their point, and brought the damsel here;
Where watch'd with care she played her humble part,
And deck'd the palace with her pleasing art;

And sometimes too, to charm the youthful guest,
Her flowers wou'd grace ev'n Truth's imperial breast.

Here the calm soul, immortal grandeur felt
Reflection mild, and peaceful order dwelt;
The stranger youth, at first submissive, mild,
Obey'd instruction, like a duteous child;
With careful tenderness his task was plann'd
And courteous wisdom took his yielding hand.
Grave prudence mark'd the hour, and reason's voice
Within his soul might bless so wise a choice;
Ah no!—rebellious sin, tho' long supprest,
Rose like a serpent, from its horrid nest!
With murm'ring pride, wou'd inward nature moan,
And claim degen'rate freedom for her own.
Now gen'rous zeal, and diligence grows faint,
The task is loath'd, and order seems restraint!
Disgraceful indolence resumes its power,
And wild impatience spurns the tranquil hour.—

" Why thus" it asks, " the precious time employ,
" The morn of health, of liberty, and joy ?
" Fly hence !—from rules, from discipline severe,
" Let mean and groveling minds be fetter'd here !
" Tis thine my friend, to share the dancing hours
" Where pleasure's hand shall crown thy head with
" flow'rs,
" And music, with her soft enchanting strain,
" Shall sweetly warble, far o'er freedom's plain."
Delusive words !—alas they quickly stole
Like syren magic on his captive soul!
Ungrateful youth ! he takes a last adieu
And quits the scene with scarce a parting view—
Tho' wisdom sighs, he seeks not to detain—
For when the heart denies, advice is vain!
Just as the hapless wild, ungovern'd youth
Flies from the court, he views the form of Truth,
But dares not gaze—those eyes which shone so bright
Were now too dazzling for his abject sight !

That heavenly look, unworthy to survey
He flies, to other scenes, more light and gay.
Alas in vain—tho' Truth he cou'd forsake,
Still her fair image keeps his soul awake;
Her radiant smile, like Heaven's transcendant beam,
Still faintly glimmers in his midnight dream,
Then seems to vanish!—and a death-like gloom
Of doubts, and wretchedness supplies its room!
In folly's group, tho' painted to ensnare,
Not one is half so graceful, half so fair!—
Confusion fills his soul—he feels the dart
Of keen conviction fest'ring in his heart.
Tortur'd with passion, envy, and disdain,
He feels not freedom—but a galling chain,
And all his hope, amid the frantic scene
Is once more to behold his charming QUEEN.

ON A VERY IMMORAL SONG,

BUT ELEGANTLY SET TO MUSIC.

The heart to entice, in the service of vice
Is monstrous, when all men shou'd hate her
And truth must declare, the softer the air
It spreads a contagion the greater.

When harmony joins to profligate lines
Her graces we then must deplore
What praise wou'd attend her, shou'd virtue attend her
And dwell with the genius of More!

EPIGRAM ON A WIT.

How dang'rous is wit, when the choice is unfit!
Tho' it shines in your verse Mr. PINDAR,
Will a wise man admire, the sparks of that fire
Which burns up his house to a cinder?

SINCERITY AND FLATTERY.

A FABLE.

SINCERITY, an haughty dame,
Who boasted loudly of her name,
Not much like Truth, divinely good,
But deckt in starch and buckram hood,
Happen'd I'm told, one summer's day
To meet with Flattery on her way;
A fair and polish'd maid was she
And much to ready to agree—
A varnish ever bright and new
Beneath her fertile fancy grew,
And ev'ry where with sly intention
'Tis said, she carries the invention.

" Whither so fast with treach'rous plan?"
Abrupt Sincerity began,
" I know, deceitful foe to men,
" That falsehood sends thee from her den,
" And mischief, with an aspect gay
" Bestow'd that mirror on thy way,
" But soon with firm resistless might
" I'll bring that monster to the light;
" I'll dash the cordial which she gave thee!
" —Not vanity herself shall save thee."

" Suspend your rage, and angry style"
(Says Flattery with a scornful smile)
" Madam, I fly with gen'rous aid
" To heal those wounds your spite has made—
" They say you wear (you know it best)
" A small stiletto in your breast;

" Excuse me ma'am (to speak it all)
" They say, 'tis sometimes dipt in gall!
" And there's a certain nymph—disdain—
" Who joins with rudeness in your train,
" I'm told there's malice too, and pride;
" (Bad company!) you keep beside;
" And Truth, your mistress, well you know
" Dismiss'd your service long ago.
" Mercy she chose, sure none can blame her,
" And learnt that smile which so became her.
" When such a smile your face adorns
" And flowers are scatter'd with your thorns,
" When soft reluctance casts its shade
" O'er the rough pictures you have made—
" Madam, I'll be your convert too
" And bid my lying trade adieu—
" Till then unmoved, I take your warning
" And bid you now my best good morning."

*Just at this instant passing by·

Truth saw them with indignant eye;

To trembling Flattery, thus she spoke,

" That lesson from my pen you took

" Sincerity; tho' savage grown,

" Was once a servant of my own,

" Still native worth in her I see

" But all is counterfeit in thee."

* These last lines were added by desire of a near relation, whose genius, but for her modesty, might be better known in the poetical world.

TO AN

INFIDEL FASHIONABLE WRITER.

"Who steals my purse takes only trash"
In Shakespear's verse we read,
But he who steals my fame more rash
Has made me "poor indeed."

Then what is he who robs my heart
Of what I dearest prize,
And stabs me in the vital part
Where life immortal lies?

Insulted truth, with poignant grief
Such monstous guilt must view,
And justice, in the barb'rous thief,
Condemns th' assassin too !

HINT,

TO AN

IMPRUDENT PERSON.

Poor simple moth! thou art to blame
To play so much about the flame.
Alas, thy wings are yet but tender
And thou may'st soon again surrender,
Experience sure shou'd make thee wiser
So pray believe thy kind adviser!

THE

CHRISTIAN IN ADVERSITY.

FORBID it Heaven! the noble mind shou'd sink
In death's dark valley, or on danger's brink!
But where's the noble mind?—In wisdom's eyes
'Tis that which shews its lineage from the skies.
'Tis this in sorrow, poverty, distress,
Confers a dignity no mind can guess.
With meekness—patience—misery may it dwell,
Enrich the cottage and adorn the cell;
As something great in monarchs must remain
Tho' chill'd and shackled with a dungeon's chain.

Pursued by tyrant power, oppress'd, forlorn,
By cruel injuries or " more cruel scorn."
What can support the martyr or the saint
To bear his piercing woes without complaint?
What but that faith which all things can controul
Which brings a suff'ring Saviour to his soul?
Through him who conquer'd, conquest shall he win,
And where the world forsakes, his hopes begin.

TO

CAPTAIN SCOTT,

(AFTERWARDS ADMIRAL)

WHO LOST HIS ARM IN A NAVAL ENGAGEMENT.

ON HIS MARRIAGE.

THO' long my muse has silence kept
As if a lethargy had siez'd her,
Her good intentions ne'er have slept—
And often too has conscience teiz'd her.

But what in nature cou'd possess her
To promise—promise to be witty?
The sad remembrance must distress her
And make an object of your pity.

To send a stiff congratulation!
The dullest thing that mortal can see!
That fatal check to conversation,
That vile extinguisher of fancy!

And yet—if truly I must send it,—
Then void of ev'ry flourish take it,
So dull no critics art can mend it,
And Flattery had scorn'd to make it.

O long may health and ev'ry blessing
Be thine and dear ELIZA's lot!
And while new friends thou art caressing
—Ne'er let the old ones be forgot!

That heartfelt joy be long thy portion
That knows no interval of tears,
But like the oak of vast proportion
Grows firmer for a length of years.

ON THE REMARKABLE

ATTENTION AND RESPECT,

PAID TO AN AGED VETERAN BY A YOUNG OFFICER.

1805.

While wealth and power and splendid birth
A flatt'ring crowd may view,
There is an heraldry in worth
Which nobler minds pursue.

Pity, respect and kind applause
Shou'd chear the vet'ran's breast,
And he who serves his country's cause
Discerns her champions best.

A

NEW RIDDLE.

Monstrous and hideous tho' I be
In shape, in nature and degree,
Some folks (tho' others think me frightful)
Can vow I'm charming and delightful—
However dear is health and ease
I gain a pref'rence still o'er these:
Ev'n there I lurk were none suspect me,
For wit and folly, both protect me.

EPIGRAM ON QUIZZING.

Of all the imps in mischief's train
Distinguish'd most, and most caress'd,
(Tho' wond'rous awkward to explain)
Ah surely quizzing is the best!

For great ones still 'tis only fit,—
I fear, were quizzing quite in vogue,
What makes the rich man half a wit
Wou'd make the poor man quite a rogue.

TO

A FRIEND.

For thee must ev'ry wish of friendship flow
May heavenly mercy endless good bestow !
May purest sunshine to thy days be given
And life's soft ev'ning feel the dews of Heaven.

ON THE

DEATH OF CAPTAIN THOMAS LOVE,

OF CHERTSEY.

AGED 81.

BRIGHT is the gloom oh venerable shade,
Which memory casts o'er worth that cannot fade,
Such worth as thine, where once in union join'd
The saints soft spirit, and the hero's mind;
Tho' mild, yet firm—magnanimous, sincere
Tho' dignified with virtue, not severe—
Fair lib'ral candour in thy accents flow'd,
And still thy loyal heart for Britain glow'd.

True to religion and its sov'reign power
Resign'd composure mark'd thy suff'ring hour,
And faithful mem'ry trac'd the glorious scene
Where christian truth first casts its light serene;*
Not faith alone, but memory cast its ray
O'er Tabor's height and all the sacred way.
Yes! thou cou'dst paint it—whilst the ardent ear
Dwelt on the awful sketch distinct and clear.

Oh honour'd Love!—distinguish'd and rever'd,
Ev'n to the gen'rous youth thy form appear'd,
But most the widow's heart, by grief engross'd,
Must feel, alas, the valued husband lost!—
The duteous son—the gentle daughter weeps,
And friendship firm thy treasur'd mem'ry keeps,

* Captain Love in his younger days had been at Nazareth and on Mount Tabor, of which he gave a particular account.

While far beyond our praise, beyond our sighs,
To nobler realms thy sainted spirit flies,
To meet its Saviour on that blissful shore
Where storms shall reach the shatter'd bark no more,
But bright in glory 'twill immortal shine
In bliss triumphant, and with strength divine.

FLATTERY AND RIDICULE.

A FABLE.

As Flatt'ry took her artful way
She met with Ridicule one day,
Surpriz'd she view'd her alter'd face—
No cunning smile—no arch grimace!
No sprightly fascinating jest,
Imagin'd half—and half express'd;
The wond'ring damsel now distinguish'd
His very nature seem'd extinguish'd!
With look so grave and air so cool,
"Can this" she cried, "be Ridicule?

"Have we not met in ev'ry party
" Like cronies, jovial, fond and hearty?
" And slyly have I smooth'd the way
" To gain you many a pleasant day.
" Such noble victories we have shar'd
" That Truth herself has often star'd,
" And sense has blush'd—but 'tis no matter.
" Since you can smile, and I can flatter,
" While impudence is nothing loth
" But lends her triumphs to us both."
" Talk not of triumphs, like a fool!"
Enrag'd said angry Ridicule,
" Curse on your tricks, and all your skill,
" Humility's unconquer'd still!
" Was ere, a mortal creature seen,
" So insolent, and yet so mean?
" Whilst wit, and pomp, and grandeur flies me,
" That strange intrepid wretch defies me—

" Undaunted still he takes the field,
" I'm sure no mortal made his shield!
" My keenest darts are blunted there
" And fall quite harmless I declare:
" Oh! did the world in which we dwell
" Thus artfully my blows repel
" With all my genius, scorpion-like,
" The sting I wou'd in others strike—
" In my own vitals then might fix
" And send me to the banks of Styx."

Majestic Wisdom, with that grace
Which shews his claim in ev'ry place,
Approach'd and said—" if I may rule
" I'll ease the doubts of Ridicule,
" But some restraints (tho' wit attend her)
" Tis fit and seemly shou'd attend her;

" Ne'er let her frolic, skip, and play
" Except in folly's motley way.
" When impudence appears in sight
" 'Tis clear that Ridicule is right,
" And ev'n tho' fashion looks perplext
" One hour—'twill praise her too, the next.
" When Ridicule once knows her part
" Respect must flow from ev'ry heart,
" But much I fear, she's apt to roam
" Where gentle virtue makes its home.
" And when humility was found—
" She trespass'd on forbidden ground.
" If Ridicule will make too free
" And spoil the garden sown by me—
" If still her poison'd dart she throws
" Promiscuously at friends and foes,
" Disgrace must end her, tho' she's witty,
" And if she dies, not one will pity."

TALE FOR MODERN TIMES.

Melinda, with a certain air,
Which none to Venus cou'd compare,
Whose sallow cheek (tho' pass'd her prime)
Sickness had deeper ting'd than time,
One chearful morn, when sunshine glow'd
Demurely took the city road—
Beneath a crabbed look of care
She had, they say, some virtues rare
As jewels in a shagreen case
Sometimes secluded, have a place;

A sort of glimm'ring joy she felt
(As sunbeams cause the ice to melt)
For fancy form'd a rich repast
To see a nephew's face at last!
Ne'er from a child, had she beheld him,
And now she heard no youth excell'd him:—
If gen'rous, modest, good, and fair
She thought to chuse him for her heir!
Sweet hope 'tis useless to display
Engag'd MELINDA all the way,
And heedless of the crowd she went
As if no mischief cou'd be meant.
Alas! in one disast'rous street,
A quizzing party must she meet.—
A sprightly youth who join'd the party
Stifled a laugh extremely hearty,
Then slily on a slip of paper
(In hopes the trick might thus escape her),

He wrote, "believe me I am kind,"
And pinn'd it on her cloak behind.
"Forgive me ma'am, he archly cried,
"I think you rather want a guide!
"Such youth! such beauty so forsaken!
"The world I vow must be mistaken;
"But when your colour next is chose,
"Instead of saffron, take the rose"—
Then, with a laugh of triumph gay
He left the matron on her way.
Surpriz'd she finds the gazing crowd
Most strange, impertinent and loud—
And some pursued, and some wou'd hoot,
And said she was not worth pursuit;
Unconscious of the curious joke,
Which shone conspicuous on her cloak
All pale, affrighted, and aghast,
Melinda reach'd her friends at last!

Surely, some shelter wou'd she find
With those whoever seem'd so kind!
But what her wonder can declare
To see young satan seated there?
How cou'd he dare invade a scene
So calm so social and serene?
" This is your nephew! —ma'am in truth,
" You'll own he is a charming youth!
" No awkward boy, no rustic now,
" There's sense, and fashion in his bow!
" But sure! he's pale!"—for conscience flew
With all her colours, black and blue;
His hapless joke the culprit smote
And seiz'd him gasping by the throat.
What rich effrontery cou'd he find
To soothe his Aunt's offended mind?
Away, the guilty hero flew
And lost—they say a fortune too;

Was ever joke obtain'd so dear?

To lose a thousand pounds a year?

At quizzing now he fiercely swore

And vow'd he'd never praise it more.

ON FRIENDSHIP,

SOMETIMES OF RAPID GROWTH,

To ———

FRIENDSHIP's a plant of ev'ry clime
Which oft'nest needs the power of time,
When gradual in its tender leaves
The ray of kindness it receives.
But minds there are, of texture fine,
Which sooner feel its glow divine,
A gen'rous soil, we sometimes see,
Where Friendship springs more bold and free,
Perhaps some favour may prevail
And gratitude shall waft the gale;

Or pity, to misfortune given
Has touch'd it with the dews of Heaven!
Opinion in a gen'rous mind
Requires but little to be kind!
And Friendship's fertile cares may root
Tho' candour only nurs'd the root.

For thee!—when radiant morn is past
Calm may thy ev'ning come at last,
Serenely may thy sun decay
To rise more bright a future day

AN ENIGMA.

What tho' my name must bring reproach
Whether in waggon or in coach,
And virtue wou'd in prison wait
Sooner than I shou'd ope the gate,
Tho' ev'n the peasant, far from college,
Disdains me with his humble knowledge,
Yet luxury calls me from my cell
Sometimes, with well-drest folks to dwell;
And ev'n in company I venture
Where other vagrants dare not enter!
I'm low and vulgar, vile and mean,
And yet with wings, like bats I'm seen,
And fly with wond'rous speed they say
But always from the light of day—

Well may I shun its beams with care
Most sure to find destruction there!
Sometimes transparent you may view me
And almost see the daylight thro' me;
But oft'ner in a mist I'm found
And work like miners under ground!—
Sometimes, when hunted I escape,
But always in a diff'rent shape.
Twou'd puzzle even the wise no doubt,
To find my tricks and windings out—
They say that some are white indeed,
And fair and harmless, of my breed,
But he who trusts them, will have cause
To curse them for their harpy claws.
Harmless!—as soon may hornets be—
There only dang'rous in degree:

Tho' fashion plays with them in sport
They'll never thrive in honour's court.

The eagle whose celestial eye
Delights to view the beams on high,
If once my murkey brood appear
Howe'er disguis'd—he views them clear—
Darting, indignant from his height
He takes his bold victorious flight,
Springs on our nest, in spite of care,
And plants his noble talons there.

TO

CANDOUR.

CANDOUR! I love thee, and thy looks divine
Where sense and truth, and gen'rous pity shine,
But oh! let holy wisdom mark thy ways
And teach thee just, discriminating praise!
Tho' fashion bribes thee, still its pow'r withstand,
And scorn the varnish form'd by flatt'ry's hand!
Beware O Candour!—lest enquiring youth
Shou'd see thee veil the sacred form of truth.—
Shou'd vice invite thee with her treach'rous art,
With adamantine duty case thy heart;

From mischief fly, tho' Moloch's self shou'd plead,
Nor smile oh Candour! on a barb'rous deed.
Smoothe not the way that leads to ruin's cell,
Nor deck the spot, where snakes and adders dwell.

TO

MARTIUS.

AN IMAGINARY TALE.

1806.

Fierce was the wind—a whirlwind blew—
And robbers round in ambush lay,
When fearless of the midnight crew
Young MARTIUS took his dreary way.

Tho' Hounslow's dire tremendous name
Might strike the noblest mind aghast,
And ev'n the valiant son of fame
Might feel a caitiff's blow at last!

Now friendship! send thy ardent prayer!—
Darker and darker still it grows!
With piercing eye and watchful care
No more, alas, the road he knows.

One dismal gloom encircles all
And ev'ry step the more betrays,—
When lo, as if at friendship's call
A friendly lantern shews its blaze!

A hobbling dame with all her power,
Who heard him from her distant cot,
Tho' chill'd with many a winter's hour,
Cou'd pity still the stranger's lot!

She cried—" and wherefore O my son
" And wherefore, in a night like this

" Is such a risque so rashly run?
" You must not take advice amiss —

" You're welcome to this humble light,
" And that experience too may lend,
" But think not ev'ry stormy night
" To meet with lanterns—and a friend!"

Two guineas new, and bright, and fair,
The grateful MARTIUS freely took—
No power of verse cou'd now declare
Or paint th' astonish'd grannam's look.—

" Take it dear dame" he cries " 'tis right
" Amid this world of care and sorrow,
" As you have help'd me on to night
" That I shou'd help you on tomorrow."

AN HINT,

TO THOSE IT CONCERNS.

Let not insiduous malice boast its power
To wound the heart, or damp the social hour!
Children we know delight in dang'rous play,
And sport with knives, which wise men put away.

THE

EAGLE AND OTHER BIRDS.

A FABLE.

That vanity ('tis known a truth)
Too oft inflames the breast of youth.
The gay, the prejudic'd must own
By reason's native light alone!
And pow'rful motives must assuage
Its fever in maturer age.
Hence flattery, like fermented liquor,
Intoxicates the brain the quicker.
—Perhaps the muse may now be able
To point instruction by a fable.

The royal eagle once 'tis said,
Had broke his wing and kept his bed;
And birds of ev'ry size and feather,
In consultation flock'd together:—
They judg'd, in duty it was right
To nurse him in this mournful plight—
And sure this dignity conferr'd
An honour on the meanest bird!
But who shou'd gain it?—that's the matter—
Tho' some cou'd sing, and some cou'd chatter—
A claim superior they must mention,
And each must shew a just pretension,
To chear their sov'reign thus deprest,
And animate his dismal nest.

No gentle songstress of the wood—
But first, the stately peacock stood!

A train so long—such beauteous dyes
Must surely, please the eagle's eyes!
'Twas great, 'twas charming to behold her,
But sure no eagle's nest cou'd hold her!
And when her scarecrow voice was heard,
A look of gen'ral scorn appear'd:
This short reply at once had she—
That birds cou'd hear as well as see.

The lively, hopping, chatt'ring jay,
Came boldly next, with more to say;
Her glossy plumes were fair and bright,
And folies were her heart's delight—
Yet wisdom might be weary soon
To see the tricks of a buffoon:
Her ways are mischief, none can doubt it,
And sober birds are best without it.

Swift to the spot, the parrot flew—
Her foreign tints were beauteous too,
She talked—with ev'n a human sound,
And look'd with consequence profound:—
At first, delightful 'twou'd appear—
But repetition tires the ear,
And words where meaning cannot dwell
May spoil reflection, quite as well.

The owl—indeed his looks are wise,
But night's an awkward time to rise,—
If owls such modern hours will keep,
Eagles, perhaps, wou'd rather sleep.

Perplext was ev'ry living bird—
When lo!—a tuneful voice was heard!
So soft, so charming, so delicious—
It seem'd to ev'ry hope propitious!!

Ah! such a voice, so sweet so clear,
Proclaims the nightingale is near!
Her modest look, her colour brown,
Excludes not honour, or renown.
Sweet messenger! she comes with pow'rs
To harmonize our lonely hours—
And sure her fascinating lay
May drive the eagle's cares away!
Whilst all the conscious wood around.
Re-echoes, with th' enchanting sound.—
Unanimous—the prize is voted
And philomel's at once promoted.

THE VOLUNTEER.

A BALLAD.

As a hapless young damsel in sorrowful tune,
Was mourning the loss of a valiant Dragoon,
A ruddy young swain was observing her near,
In humble array but a brave Volunteer!

If report of his worth, you may truly rely on,
He was meek as a lamb, yet as bold as a lion,
If his promise he gave you, no bond need appear—
He wou'd serve you, or pay you—a just Volunteer!

" Ah, how shall I venture" he tenderly cried,
" No helmet to grace me, nor sword by my side,

" But a musket I'd shew, if the French shou'd come
here,
" And I think I cou'd fight like a true Volunteer.

" Tho' I own the Dragoons may be noble and brave
" I'll stain not the name that my grandfather gave,
" He plough'd the rich acres which still must be dear;
" And a laurel may grow for a poor Volunteer!

" Then scorn not fair maiden, my humble attire
" I've a heart that is true for the girl I admire,
" Tho' others more gay, and more brilliant appear
" Old England is proud of a plain Volunteer.

" Accept, or refuse me, sincere must I be
" I'll die not fair damsel, not even for thee—
" My life is from Heaven! I must prize it my dear
" For my king and my country—a true Volunteer.

" Ah trust me!—at last, if the moment shou'd
" come,
" The summons so threaten'd to follow the drum,
" United in glory, I think will appear,
" The soldier profess'd, and the plain Volunteer."

ON THE

VICTORY OVER THE COMBINED FLEETS

AND THE ILLUSTRIOUS

DEATH OF LORD NELSON.

OCTOBER, 1806.

WHAT tho' our praises reach not NELSON's ear
Ev'n fame shall blend her triumphs with a tear!
Th' Almighty's power we feel in victory's day
In what he grants—and what he takes away.

TO

Mr. S. D******,

ON HIS GOING TO CEYLON,

1805.

ADVENT'ROUS youth! while soft compassion pours
Its fervent pray'r on Afric's savage shores,
While commerce sage, religion more sublime
Wou'd shed sweet comfort o'er its burning clime,
Thy active genius too, wou'd take its part,
And snatch from nature's scene, a grace for art.
In danger's coast thy talents may be shewn
And distant countries thus enrich our own.—
Perchance while gentleness thy way shall guide
The feather'd chief may lose his barb'rous pride,
And own pre-eminence that land must claim
Where christians dwell and speak a brother's name.

TO

Mrs. FORDYCE.

As some fair spirit—foe to noise and strife
Glides soft and fleeting thro' the shades of life,
Methinks our HENRIETTA's form serene
Still faintly glimmers in the faded scene!

Oh worthy to be his, whose honour'd name
Remains distinguish'd on the list of fame!
The great FORDYCE—'tis truly thine to prove
How just his pref'rence, how refin'd his love!—
Tho' languid sickness waste thy mortal frame
And many a tender sigh may urge its claim,
Ev'n there the christian suff'rer may we view
Emerging from her griefs and conflicts too,

We see the holy beam which marks her way
Pure from the fountain of eternal day,
One courteous glance to fleeting earth is given
But ev'ry serious hope is fixed on Heaven!

THE CONVERSATION.

" Give me the friend," exclaims a youth,
" That's gen'rous, bold and free,
" Who dares defend the cause of truth,
" Even tho' it injures me!

" Whilst treach'ry spreads its artful snares,
" And malice forms its jest,
" Give me the noble friend, who wears
" A window on his breast!

" A window?" stern Acasto says,
" I'm sure in times of plunder,

"If prudence shou'd such windows glaze
"It is indeed a wonder!

"Sooner than be detraction's mark
"Or mischief's joke presuming,
"I'd set for ever in the dark
"A midnight torch consuming."—

"No give the window!—give me air,"
Exclaims a sprightly stranger,
"Oh wou'd I lose my comfort there
"Because sometimes there's danger?

"The gen'rous window I must prize,
"And yet—when folly flutters
"Or malice aims—I think the wise
"Wou'd sometimes shut the shutters!"

But not oh not when misery's theme
Demands compassion's care,
Then shou'd the windows gentle gleam
Declare that pity's there!

ON THE ARRIVAL OF

THE VICTORY MAN OF WAR,

1807,

WITH THE HONOURED

REMAINS OF LORD NELSON:

WHO WAS KILLED IN THE MOMENT OF VICTORY

AT THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR,

OCTOBER, 1806.

HARK! the conq'ring hero comes!
Lower your topsails, cloak your drums—
He comes—but not your praise to hear
For death has seal'd the conq'ror's ear.

The world may speak and England tell
How nobly NELSON fought and fell,

And own'd his God with dying breath;
Who gave him victory ev'n in death!—

Boast not ye foe tho' NELSON bleeds,
The gallant COLLINGWOOD succeeds,
Then valour shone in all its beauty
When "ev'ry seaman did his duty."*

Trafalgar's sea tho' dyed in blood,
Proclaims the fame of COLLINGWOOD—
And ev'n the conscious Spaniard too,
Assign'd the noble chief his due.

Tho' grief assails his gen'rous heart
He still maintains the hero's part,

* Alluding to the last order of Lord NELSON.

And ev'n suppresses friendship's tear;
While Britain's foe is hov'ring near.

And when the valiant fight was o'er
And conquest could bestow no more;
Religion crown'd his triumphs past,
And tied the laurels round his mast.

ON

THE DEATH

OF THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE WILLIAM PITT.

When history bold, impartial and sublime,
Rises majestic from the wreck of time,
And brings by truth's fair light to life anew
The pride of war—the pride of senates too.—
Brings the grave champion with unwearied breath,
And the firm phalanx—scarcely broke in death!
Then may she say, that Pitt with honour clear
Toil'd for his country with a zeal sincere!
If some few shades of error might be seen
Which clouds on earth, ev'n wisdom's light serene,
Blends with the fairest scheme—the noblest plan
And ever mingles with the works of man.

Yet all must own that loyalty possess'd
A fearless place in PITT's undaunted breast;
And eloquence, with all its stores combin'd,
Grac'd the rich powers of his capacious mind.
And oh!—when feeble nature met that hour
Which comes to greatness with a twofold power;
Death cou'd not boast—for more than grandeur past
Was humble faith prevailing at the last.—
Imperious death—let this restrain thy pride
The christian triumph'd—when the statesman died.

TO

COLONEL T———.

WHILE some can flatter, and while some despise—
Sweet praise is honour from the just and wise.
The gentle muses, once in distant time
Ev'n chear'd the warrior with their strains sublime,
And royalty, in Britain's favour'd isle
Has sooth'd them with its bright and princely smile.
The brave, we know, are lib'ral to commend,
The gallant SIDNEY once was SPENSER's friend!
And mine, an humbler muse (by Heaven's decree)
Still finds a flower—by candour left for me.
Vain is the incense which the bard receives
That superficial vote which fashion gives
It lives one little hour—with flutt'ring pride
The heart exults, and values nought beside;

Oh fatal joy ! which genius may deplore,
While truth and wisdom dreads its poison more.
I ask thee not—'tis better far to dwell
Where deep oblivion forms its darkest cell :
If sweet applause shou'd there its lustre cast,
To righteous Heaven is giv'n the praise at last.

Oh B——, while thy name so truly dear
By mem'ry's soft delusion charms my ear—
Whilst fancy shall retain that aspect mild
Which once so meekly look'd, so sweetly smil'd,
The gentle mother*—whose enchanting air
No pen can trace, no picture can declare,
Her courteous son my ardent thanks must claim,
Ennobling still her fair respected name.

* The mother of Colonel T———was a lady of most amiable manners, and particularly esteemed in the country where she lived.

Blest be his lot, refresh'd with hopes divine!
In life's advance, more radiant still to shine
Till endless day shall nobler honours bring,
And smiles approving, from an heavenly king.

ON REBUILDING

THE CHURCH, AT CHERTSEY.

MAY 30, 1806.

O THOU! that hear'st the prayer devoutly given,
Beneath the holy canopy of Heaven!
That hear'st the prayer in faith's sequester'd home,
And that which fills the consecrated dome—
O thou! whose sovereign light, with ardent glow
Shall pierce the sepulchre that lies below!
Vouchsafe to bless, from thy transcendant height
This fabric rais'd by man's dependant might,—
For his dear sake who conq'ring truth must own,
The christian's rock, the hallow'd corner stone.*

* The first stone of this building was laid by Sir JOSEPH MAWBEY, June 4, 1806.

When CHERTSEY shall behold, with eager eyes
Some future hour, her noblest structure rise!
May such respect as piety shou'd yield
Its sacred form from rude disorder shield!
May mercy gild it with celestial rays,
And may it speak O Lord thy glorious praise!

TRAFALGAR;

A POEM.

TO THE MEMORY OF LORD NELSON.

WHILE shouts of victory reach the lofty skies,
What groan is there?—alas! our NELSON dies.
Ev'n the rough seaman gives a sigh sincere,
The vet'ran mourns, and Britain drops a tear.
With tend'rest grief (tho' conquest is confest)
She clasps her dying hero to her breast,
And bids in glowing strains, her history tell,
How nobly, how resign'd her NELSON fell;
She bids it tell, how bright Religion's pow'r
Hush'd the wild tumult ev'n of victory's hour;

And bid him ever own the hand divine,
Which crown'd his hopes, and made his glory shine.
Tho' savage war had seiz'd his shatter'd frame,
The valiant warrior ever glow'd the same!—
Thus the proud castle still majestic stands,
Resisting long the rage of hostile bands.—
Tho' outrage has defac'd its princely form,
And its high tow'rs have felt the angry storm;
Our gen'rous pity dreads the fatal blow,
Which comes at last to lay the fabric low.

Alas! 'tis felt—no common muse can tell,
When NELSON died how bold a fabric fell!—
Too brave for envy, may the soldier mourn
And twine the laurels round his kindred urn,
Like those unchang'd by time, which proudly wave
In rich luxuriance, o'er our Marlborough's grave;

Whilst patriot oak its favour'd leaves shall spread
To deck the honour'd tomb of NELSON dead!—
Methinks, old ocean, in respect to join,
Calls forth his heroes round the hallow'd shrine!
Their forms ethereal (once a nation's theme)
Through the "dim arches" cast a solemn gleam!
O'er the cold bier they mildly seem to bend,
And greet the spirit of their warlike friend!—
A Cloudsley's[1] noble shade adorns the gloom,
Whose fame not ev'n the billows cou'd entomb.
A valiant Drake[2] who fought imperious Spain,
And grasp'd in thought the ocean's wide domain;
And Rooke,[3] whose fame Gibraltar's Rock may tell,
Where princely Hesse[4] once toil'd, and heroes fell.
With many a gallant chief by England blest,
And stately Duncan, sunk to glorious rest.—
Gliding majestic thro' the awful scene,
Pale fancy marks their venerable mien;

And sees with deep respect, and wond'ring eyes,
The royal shade of pious Alfred[5] rise!—
Intrepid, faithful, gen'rous and sublime,
Bold as our waves, and gentle as our clime;
Religion shone upon his tow'ring plan,
And conquest crown'd, what wisdom first began.
With look serene he views the sacred place,
And owns his heroes with a monarch's grace.
Respect be their's,—those laurels ne'er can fade,
By valour won, and grateful duty paid;
But oh! where fame their brightest deeds shall tell,
The Nile's brave hero may conspicuous dwell!—
That wond'rous chief, who kept the world in awe,
Trafalgar's bloody scene unconquer'd saw;
And death who came, commission'd from above,
To snatch him, conq'ring, from a nation's love—
Ev'n death's keen dart a fatal witness bore
To nobler fame than ere he gain'd before!

Alas!—how vain is all this world supplies!
Still danger lurks beneath the fairest prize;
Ev'n those rich honours 'twas his lot to win,
Betray'd the valiant heart that glow'd within:
Thus do we learn, tho' grandeur may allure,
One hope alone is firm—alone is sure!
The dazzling blaze of life is quickly past,
And ev'n its brightest scenes must fade at last.—

O thou proud vessel! whose affecting claim
Was prov'd so well to victory's splendid name;
Sad is the welcome thy arrival gains,
To bring our noble hero's last remains!—
Tho' crown'd with glory, still a manly grief
Among the gallant crew deplores their chief;
Thy solemn flag the loyal heart reveres,
And patriot zeal salutes thee with its tears!

Perhaps—some gen'rous deed, remember'd well
By truth and gratitude, remains to tell!
Unvarnish'd eloquence must still relate
Somewhat untold of gen'rous NELSON's fate!—
And shou'd some spot on that fair orb appear,
Which shone so bright in glory's radiant sphere;
Still should some shade of error intervene
To cloud the lustre of the social scene,
Let friendship mourn that failing—not defend—
Virtuous, and true shou'd be the hero's friend;
And scorn by flatt'ry, or by fashion's claim
To stamp perfection, even on NELSON's name.
Our country's champion needs not pompous art—
His virtues live in every British heart.

Yet, must we yield!—one heartfelt sigh sincere
May not be treason, even in victory's ear!

But Heaven forbids the long protracted moan;
It claims (supreme) the hero for its own!—
Fair gratitude, with soft seraphic gaze,
Still tunes her golden harp to songs of praise;
Points to the conquer'd foe—a num'rous heap!
Their shatter'd vessels sinking in the deep!
Enraptur'd gratitude with ardent claim,
Points to the banners of triumphant fame!
She marks the great, the gallant and the brave,
Still rescued from the wild the foaming wave—
What tho' her tears may grace the victor's tomb,
Her fires shall kindle and her wreaths shall bloom;
From Alexandria's shore her voice shall sound
And echo shall repeat to nation's round!—
Our bleeding NELSON, in his dying hour,
Still felt her energy—her soothing power;
His gen'rous care, his latest breath was given
To Britain's cause, to gratitude and Heaven.

Oh! may we own like him, th' Almighty's sway,
In what he grants and what he takes away!
With noble COLLINGWOOD, let valour's flame
Soar to the mighty source from whence it came!—
Whilst seraph mercy, with an angel's wing
Flies to the widow'd heart—relief to bring,
And meekly shews 'tis Heaven's vicegerent here
To help the maim'd[6] and dry the orphan's tear.

NOTES.

1 " A Cloudsley's"---Sir Cloudsley Shovel, whose monument is in Westminster Abbey, was lost on the Scilly rocks at sea, October 22, 1707, after many memorable exploits in the reign of Queen Anne ---Instances of particular respect were shewn this commander by the illustrious Prince Eugene and the Duke of Savoy.

2 " A valiant Drake"---Sir Francis Drake flourished in the reign of Queen Elizabeth ; he destroyed the enemy's fleet at Cadiz, and was the first Englishman who sailed round the globe.

3 " And Rooke"---Sir George Rooke was distinguished by taking Gibraltar, 1704.

4 " Princely Hesse"---The valiant Prince of Hesse D'Armstadt renowned for his indefatigable diligence in the defence of Gibraltar, against the French and Spaniards.---This heroic Prince was killed in the attack on Montjuich, September 14, 1705. [See Annals of Queen Anne's reign for a particular account.

5 " Pious Alfred"---This illustrious Prince, seems well to deserve the epithet here bestowed on him ---His fame as a warrior was even excelled by his reputation in the art of government. And his heartfelt respect for religion is visible from the wise arrangement of his time: dividing the twenty-four hours into three parts---he devoted one to the service of his God, one to public affairs, and the third to refreshment.

6 " To help the maim'd"---Alluding to a charitable subscription at this time.

ON THE

PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERANCE

OF THE

TOWN OF C * * * * * * *,

FROM AN IMMINENT DANGER, FEB. 6, 1807.

THE roaring flames, the raging sea
Great God, are only check'd by thee!
Thine be the praise, in danger's hour
When bright deliv'rance sends its power!

One moment—and an awful stroke
Had many a social union broke,
And ruin with the thunder's might
Had swept our dwellings from the light!

One moment!—But thy mercy came,
It stopp'd the wild tumultuous flame!
And those who seek a Saviour's care
Will find a nobler rescue there.

Note.—The danger was exceedingly increased by a quantity of gunpowder made up in ball cartridges, being placed exactly in a loft almost contiguous to that where the flames burst out, and the discovery in time was remarkably providential.

THE

BOWER OF RESIGNATION.

Though death and discord dwell around
And vengeance spreads its savage power,
A lovely place, they say, is found
Where resignation keeps her bower.

Though dark and gloomy seems the way
Each pois'nous snake from thence is driven,
'Tis chear'd with faith's triumphant ray—
'Tis cherish'd with the dews of Heaven!

'Tis said—at sullen day's decline,
Tho' distant howlings reach the ear,

That sounds of harmony divine
Are sometimes heard delicious here!

And moonlight, o'er the lovely place
A beam so exquisite has thrown,
That midnight scarcely shews its face
And never is its horror known.

A tiger—oh, amazing sight!
At resignation's feet is laid—
Pale is her cheek, for many a night
The gentle nymph has watch'd and pray'd.

Her eyes of soft celestial blue
Shone with a majesty serene,
And dignity with meekness too
Adorned the graces of her mein.

On Heaven she turns her patient eyes,
Till Heaven's own light they seem t'acquire,
And shew, reflected from the skies,
A pure, sublime, seraphic fire!

Then downcast on the mould'ring earth
They turn their mild and placid light,
Where malice and insulting mirth
Shall never dim their sacred light.

Sweet resignation! on thy charms
The muse enraptur'd wou'd remain,
But misery and the world's alarms
Obscures thy beauteous form again!

I long to hear thy tuneful voice,
That voice which never shall betray—
Celestial truth! confirm my choice:
Come glorious faith and lead the way!

TO

A LADY

PARTED FROM HER HUSBAND.

When fair Eudosia joins each pleasing art
To charm the ear, and soften ev'ry heart!
While truth, and sentiment, with feeling grac'd
Adorn th' abode of elegance and taste;
While genius glows, and charity more bright
Beams o'er her cot with soft engaging light;
And gentle music breathes its cadence round
With all the luxury of enchanting sound—
Say—can regret its mournful shadow cast
Or steal one moment from the rich repast?
Alas, its secret sigh wou'd fondly claim
Another still to share the social flame!

Say, wherefore is a flower so fair in hue
Divided from the stock where once it grew?
Transplanted here, tho' bright its colours glow,
'Tis still expos'd to ev'ry deadly foe:
And all the fury of detraction's storm,
Envy and rage may shake its tender form!

Lamenting friendship, anxious and sincere
Wou'd place in safety's shelter one so dear
(By Heaven decreed, when parent man was blest)
'Twou'd chuse the harbour of an husband's breast.

TO

PATIENCE.

A SONNET.

Oh heav'nly patience!—softest nurse of woe!
Whose gentle hand can smoothe the couch of pain,
Where shall we find thee in this scene below
Where watchful science seeks thy haunts in vain?
Not on Parnassian height, where dwells the muse—
And fancy bathes in heliconian dews—
Nor yet where enterprize, with quiv'ring ray,
O'er the wild heath directs his midnight way!—
Nor yet where proud philosophy explores
The mystic page with vain tho' fervent care—
Nor yet where bold ambition madly soars
To grasp a crown, tho' thorns are twisted there;

No, gentle patience!—In the lowly vale
Humility has trimm'd thy peaceful cot
Where christian hope endures the wint'ry gale,
And plants an evergreen which fears it not.

CORRECTING MERCY.

Oft in a dark and gloomy vale
The path of life sequester'd lies,
Yet tho' we feel the piercing gale
The beauteous flower will sometimes rise ;
Much do we prize that lovely flower
But soon its tender leaves decay,
And much do we lament the hour
Which steals our comforts here away!

No more that precious plant shall bloom,
No more its glowing hue appears!
And tenderness with heartfelt gloom
May bathe the wither'd stalk with tears!

Tho' science boasts its power sublime,
And scorns its weakness to betray—
Yet must it feel the power of time
Which steals our pleasures here away!

But faith of pure celestial mould
Beyond this earthly globe aspires,
The realms of glory to behold
New life it feels and new desires!
It views the scheme by Mercy plann'd,
When danger in possession lay—
And feels 'twas love's almighty hand
Which snatch'd our idols here away.

To Mr.————,

ON READING HIS TRAVELS.

Mistaken trav'ller, hast thou liv'd to gain
Deliv'rance thus, and seen these shores in vain?
From mis'ry, anguish, and despair set free,
Is this the tribute truth receives from thee?—
Has gratitude to Heaven no soft appeal
To make thy heart a pious fervour feel?—
Like the chill'd snake thou art, tho' mercy shine,
It cannot warm a breast so cold as thine!
The life prolong'd, a venom still will shew,
And o'er the richest balm a poison throw.
But no! the christian's hope shall still prevail,
When base Voltaire and counterfeits shall fail!
Robb'd of that varnish which insiduous art
To cheat the heedless gazer, may impart—

When from the wreck of slow revolving time
Eternity shall rise with form sublime—
In that dread hour (the triumph of the just)
Shall infidelity be laid in dust!—
Ev'n tho' her armies shou'd their myriads pour
Like sands upon the sea's prolific shore,
The christian faith o'er ev'ry foe shall rise
And wave its conq'ring banner in the skies.

ON

THE DEATH OF MR. HOWARD,

THE CELEBRATED PHILANTHROPIST.

BEYOND the favour'd spot where Europe stands,
From Russia's frozen shore to Turkey's lands;
Ev'n from the dungeon to th' imperial throne,
Was HOWARD'S name in simple grandeur known.
Champion of mercy! 'twas a princely name
Proclaim'd by truth, by eloquence and fame!
But bright religion takes a nobler view;
It sees a faithful servant, just and true—
He deem'd his honour'd path by Heaven assign'd,
To teach, to succour, to relieve mankind!
He serv'd his master, ev'n in danger's post,
And dying, gains the prize he valu'd most.

TO

A YOUNG INFIDEL.

As some pale lamp in cold congealing night,
Casts in the dismal mine a gloomy light,
And some poor captive, there an infant led,
Denies the glorious sun above his head.
Such is the man (but far more righteous blame
Attends his folly) who denies the claim
Of life immortal, and that glorious truth
Which shines resplendent to direct his youth.
Who on a feeble lamp can fix those eyes,
Whose animated glance shou'd read the skies?

O false philosophy!—this awful hour
When rebel to religion's nobler power

Most false thou art!—more fatal, more abhorr'd
Than poison, famine, poverty, or sword!
Clip not the wings of genius as they soar,
Tho' this indeed may deck thy triumphs more.
Short shall they be—most surely crush'd shall all
Thy fairy domes, thy richest fabric's fall.
If prey thou hast, let dulness be thy prey,
And form new mazes where its fools may stray.
But oh let genius with an eagle wing
To meet the radiant sun with ardour spring!
Spoilt by thy chain, in vain its plumes are bright
If fix'd in error's cage it dwells in night.

ON READING

A PIOUS MANUSCRIPT

FROM A MOTHER TO HER DAUGHTER.

To Miss M———.

Sweet pious gift!—to truth a richer feast
Than all the diamonds of the pamper'd east,
More bright, more precious than the ruby's glare,
To speak a mother's love and fervent care.
Ah, more than that!—In every beauteous line
There gleams the sacred power of love divine!
That blessed name the christian shall adore
When time, and sense, and change shall be no more;
That name adorns and animates the page,
More rich than fancy, and more wise than age:
And sweetly may the grateful child revere
What dying saints might prize and martyrs hear!

ON THE

DEATH OF A GREAT STATESMAN.

Mournful and solemn is thy lesson death
When pomp and genius shall resign its breath!
More eloquent thou art in this sad blow
Than even the wondrous statesman laid so low.
Be calm, O mourner! ev'n at Fox's tomb,
The chambers of the grave may yet have room—
And all must follow to that awful shore
Where fame's loud trumpet shall be heard no more.
But death, ev'n death his empire shall resign
To one who rules him with a power divine!

THE

WARRIOR's RETURN.

'TURN trav'ller! to the neighb'ring hill,
And view ACASTO's look—
Like some majestic ruin still,
Which many a storm has shook.

Dost not thou see, tho' care and time
Have mark'd his furrow'd brow,
Dost not thou see a ray sublime
Illumes his aspect now?

Such grandeur still such awful grace
The conscious eye may view,

If pity mourns his feeble pace,
Respect must mingle too!

"My son!—my darling son (he cries)
"Restor'd from scenes of horror!
"Then, Heaven be prais'd! a father's eyes,
"May see his form tomorrow.

"My son, my long lost son is come,
"An humble feast shall greet him!
"And rich will seem my rustic home,
"When ev'ry friend shall meet him.

"Oh ye! who smile on Britain's shore,
"To murd'rous fears a stranger,
"Ye know not well the cannon's roar—
"Nor half the soldier's danger!

" Ye rural peasants wildly gay
" Refresh'd with balmy slumbers,
" Ye know not, while at rest ye lay—
" The mis'ry felt by numbers!

" Ye know not—what a father knew,
" To tender ties a stranger,
" When wildly from my cot he flew
" To face the frowns of danger.

" In sultry climes, my boy—he fought
" In many a scene of terror,
" I knew him brave—and tender thought
" Forgave his youthful error.

" More fierce than ev'n the battle's shock,
" His prime the desart wasted,

" The gale on dire Gibraltar's rock—
" Of death tremendous tasted!

" Tho' Egypt with its fatal breeze,
" His fearless sight extinguish'd;
" Kind mercy check'd the stern disease,
" And brought him home distinguish'd.

" And mercy now my praise receives—
" An old man's heart retiring,
" Still feels the ray its lustre gives,
" Our solemn day expiring!

" He comes!—tho' angry war may rave
" Whate'er its fierce condition,
" There's not a ball can pierce the brave,
" 'Till Heaven shall give commission.

" 'Tis sweet to hear my son's renown,
" To hear his gallant story !—
" But sweeter, if the christian's crown
" Shall end his mortal glory !"

ON HEARING

THE BUGLE HORN

REMARKABLY WELL PLAYED, BELONGING TO THE LIGHT DRAGOONS, AT CHERTSEY.

SEPT. 1807.

COME ev'ry morn
Sweet bugle horn!
And breathe thy charming notes around;
Come tell us all
Thy tuneful call
Is order's harmonizing sound!

Come ev'ry eve
Our cares relieve,
We love thy gentle strain to hear!

Tho' war at first
Thy music nurs'd
O tell us, tell us, peace is near!

When Heaven's command
Shall bless the land,
And myrtle with the laurel's worn,
Then may'st thou raise
The song of praise—
A nobler note, sweet bugle horn!

TO AN

EXALTED FRIEND.

AUGUST, 1808.

ENRAPTUR'D gratitude!—While others seek
With glowing eloquence thy power to speak,
And ev'ry gem select with earnest care
To dress thy robe and deck thy golden hair.
Mine must the caution be (like some strange foe)
O'er all thy glowing tints a shade to throw!
For those like N——, who, with gen'rous skill,
Call thee fair gratitude, to triumph still;

Too noble far to urge their heartfelt claim,
On thy sweet lyre wou'd check the note of fame,
And bid thee yield to Him thy fervent praise
Who gilds thy fav'rites with His heavenly rays.

THE

RECLUSE AND THE REFUGE.

Hush'd was the night in dismal gloom,
Each star seem'd quite extinguish'd,
And round Almeria's dreary room
No chearful voice distinguish'd.

For lowly, in a distant shed,
Which youth might see with horror,
The mournful nymph by choice was led
To soothe her heartfelt sorrow.

No earthly friend, no earthly ear,
Cou'd hear her griefs complaining—

And pious patience check'd the tear
Which memory oft was gaining!

Hush'd was the night!—'tis dark, 'tis bleak!
But hark—a step's approaching!
Come gentle maid, my ANNA speak—
Perhaps, some thief's encroaching.

"Ah no!—some knock, an eager knock
"My silent door's assailing!
"If mis'ry asks, I wou'd not mock
"The feeble hope prevailing!

"Go damsel fly! but fear I see
"Repels thy kind endeavour—
"If death the suppliant's lot shou'd be
"'Twou'd darken mine for ever!"—

She flies—the fair ALMERIA flies!—
'Tis sure no wondrous error,
For pity tho' with dove-like eyes
Will meet the form of terror.

Her snowy hand unbars the gate
With firm and gen'rous vigour,
No ruffians stand—no robbers wait—
But mis'ry's mournful figure.

Yet nobly form'd—she knew not how—
A grace was still prevailing,
Tho' death seem'd seated on his brow
And life's gay bloom was failing.

With falt'ring speech, he faintly cried,
"A murd'rer's blow subdued me!

" What do I see? my destin'd bride!—
" Then justice has pursued me!

" O righteous Heaven!—in mercy spare"—
But nature's strength diminish'd—
May Heaven in mercy hear the prayer,
By feeble words unfinish'd!

He dropt—he fell!—but oh that eye
Its melting look had taken—
ALMERIA!—must thy lover die,
Tho' long thou wert forsaken?

Ah no!—ALMERIA must forgive—
There needs not man's endeavour,
" ANNA, she says—he sure will live,—
" We cannot part for ever!

" Say not that death has clos'd his eyes,
" Thou need'st not thus deplore him,—
" Say not O cruel maid, he dies,
" For Heaven may yet restore him!

" Sweet hope, I cannot lose thy ray
" To chear my heartfelt sorrow,
" ANNA! I'll be his nurse to day—
"—I'll be his bride tomorrow!

" No lady, no!—his farewell look,
" His farewell sigh is given!—
" Go, search in truth's celestial book,
" And give thy heart to Heaven!

SATIRE SUBDUED.

As Satire in a pompous stile
With piercing eye and poignant smile
His poison'd pen was taking,
No flatt'ring glasses round were plac'd
But microscopes his chamber grac'd
And venom'd darts were making:—

Enraptur'd, with a conscious pride
He seiz'd (with vengeance by his side)
The implement of malice—
When sudden, to his wond'ring sight
A form appear'd, so heavenly bright:
'Twas fit to grace a palace!

'Twas Charity, divinely fair,
Her awful anger who cou'd bear?
'Twas like the lightning's ray.—
Mute with surprise, see Satire stand,
When quick she seiz'd him by the hand
And snatch'd his pen away.

Sure Satire now will rage and storm
What's all the beauty of her form?
Can that to splendour raise him?—
No!—Satire scorns all vengeance now,
Sweetly subdued, he knows not how!
And owns her smile repays him.

ON SIN.

Sin !—dreaded Sin, detested as thou art,
Whose harpy claws are fix'd within the heart!
More hateful far to one who clearly sees
Than sorrow, pain, or famine, or disease;
Whose venom'd rage must render language weak;
Whose dreadful pow'r the blood of Christ must speak!
'Tis not for innocence thy snares to guess
I dread thy arts and fear to hate thee less!
Whether in pleasure's silken garb array'd,
Or scowling deep, in envy's gloomy shade
With frowns of malice, enmity and pride—
Or greedy avarice with his gold supplied—
Fatal thou art!—Thy vile deceitful mien
Amidst the crowd in every step is seen,

But even in cells obscure, where hermits dwell
Thy pois'nous tongue of mighty worth will tell:
Some doubt will prey—some fancy will suggest
Its ranc'rous venom in his tortur'd breast!
Fly, hateful Sin!—Or if I still must view
Thy odious form, preserve that aspect too,
Be hideous still—till that celestial hour
When mercy shall release us from thy pow'r—
And bright redeeming love, that love shall shine
Where clouds shall never hide its light divine!

SOLILOQUY.

Lord! tho' unworthy of thy gracious care
Thou'st given my soul immortal hopes to share,
When feeble flesh and all its strength decays
Oh may I sing in Heaven thy glorious praise!
And worship with the pow'rs thy mercy gave
That Heav'nly Lamb who came on earth to save!
Oh may I join the joyful saints above
And sing in raptures of redeeming love!

Then what is earth?—ye saints—for ye can tell—
Ye knew it once and knew its dangers well.
The shipwreck'd mariner who mercy saves
Ev'n from the dreadful flame or raging waves

When some sweet home at last, his sight allures,
Feels not a joy an ecstasy like yours.—
Oh say!—can ages now His praise proclaim
Who sav'd you from despair, from guilt and shame?
To speak His praise in vain would time presume,
Then let Eternity supply its room!—
Canst not thou bear the view oh wretched man?
Exalt thy wishes, and enlarge thy plan,
Surpriz'd, abash'd thy guilt—thy nature see,
Deplore thy chains, and struggle to be free!
Then finding foes which mock thy vain controul,
Give to the Lord of life thy conquer'd soul!
And own when all thy task is feebly done
Salvation comes by God's eternal Son.

THE

CAPTIVE RELEASED.

LORD thou canst set the captive free
No bars nor bolts shall hinder thee!
The conscious soul walks out at large
And humbly feels a free discharge.
Rich in thy knowledge all is new
Himself, the world, salvation too!
Strong in thy strength he feels alone
But dreads one trial of his own,
In ev'ry step he looks to thee
Or knows that step must stumbling be!
He lives an inward life within,
An inward war he holds with sin.

No more to truth a lifeless clod
His " life is hid with Christ in God!"
His prayer, on wings seraphic given
In Christ's dear name ascends to Heaven,
And open finds that golden gate
Where all his patient servants wait.
Then come! poor trembling soul repair,
The meanest knock is notic'd there—
There wait, tho' life be almost past
Reception may'st thou find at last.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

NIGHT's gloomy shadow's now were seen,
And dark and dang'rous was the way,
With tatter'd garb and mournful mien!
Behold a pilgrim sadly stray!

No kind companion of his toil,
No sympathy his cares beguil'd,
He'd walk'd o'er many a dreary mile
And now must trace a desart wild.

Whilst many a sorrow bent him low,
And hopeless ev'ry step appear'd,

A sudden light diffus'd its glow
And music's softest strain was heard!

And lo a sweet celestial voice
(As Heavenly spirits better know)
With rapture, bade his soul rejoice
Tho' shudd'ring o'er a gulf of woe!

It spoke of mercy and of love,
Redeeming love, distinct and clear,
Of pardon from the realms above
And truths—he might for ever hear!

" Ah me!—he cries, if mercy dwells
" So free, so glorious, so divine,
" I'll trust my feet thro' midnight cells
" For life and hope may still be mine!"

His trembling lips tho' wan with death,
Now form the fervent heartfelt prayer
Nor heeds he now the wint'ry heath,
Since Heaven's own light has reach'd him there.

TO THE

MEMORY OF THE TROOPS,

AND PARTICULARLY THE NINTH REGIMENT OF LIGHT DRAGOONS, OF WHOM A NUMBER WERE WRECKED ON THE COAST OF CORNWALL,

IN NOVEMBER, 1807.

COLD is the blast along the dreary shore,
The giant billows beat—the whirlwinds roar!
Sweet hope grows pale—and terror's gloomy form
Stalks with majestic sadness thro' the storm.
More sad, more tender—and too cold to weep,
Griev'd pity stands, affrighted o'er the deep,—
Sees the rich vessel on the surges tost
And grasps the trembling hope by reason lost.—

Oh where are those—that brave and martial throng
Who gentle expectation trac'd so long?
Trac'd them thro' dangers—thro' the adverse scene
To England's darling shore, and home serene,
Mark'd ev'ry page which told the warrior's way,
And form'd its glowing wreath of welcome gay?
Alas—affliction bending o'er the wave
With sighs, may now behold their wat'ry grave,
And in the blast she hears, with gasping breath
The groans of anguish, and the dirge of death.
Oh gentle pity!—shou'd affection's band
On the bleak shore, with looks enquiring stand
To ask a son's—a brother's, husband's fate!—
With cautious tenderness the tale relate!
Unfold the dreadful scene with softest art
That ever sooth'd the wounded, bleeding heart!
Tell it—tho' raging billows form'd a tomb
Fame in her court, shall bid their honours bloom,

Whilst many an humbler scene with Chertsey* pays
A mournful sigh of gratitude and praise!—
Say—'twas by Heaven's decree, a transient blow
No ling'ring pang—that laid the warriors low!
Tell them oh pity! of that blissful shore
Where "life's tumultuous waves shall beat no more":
And "roughest winds may sometimes best convey
The struggling vessel to the realms of day,"—
Then brighter far than fable ever gave,
Ideal beauty, rising from the wave
Shall heavenly patience, exquisitely fair
Rise from the gulph of horror and despair!—

* When the ninth regiment of light dragoons were quartered at Chertsey, they were much distinguished by their assiduity in endeavouring to subdue, and give assistance at a terrible fire which broke out at the end of the town, for which they were rewarded for their good conduct.

For those who still survive, a gallant train,
Sprung from the fetters of the angry main
Endear'd by absence and by dangers past,
To life, to joy, to hope restor'd at last!
Whilst fame and gen'rous love its feast prepares,
May pious praise, and gratitude be theirs!
And oh! while history midst her treasur'd heap
For RATHBONE'S* noble cares, a page shall keep
Rank'd with the kind, the merciful, the brave,
Eager to serve, and vigilant to save:
May solemn memory guard that awful hour
When mercy watch'd them with its guardian power
And swift deliv'rance with celestial form
Snatch'd them victorious, from the dreadful storm.

* Allusion is made in these lines to the particular care and humanity of this gentleman at the time of the ship-wreck shewn to the men under his command.

TO

A YOUNG NOBLEMAN,

AT CAMBRIDGE.

DEC. 1807.

WHEN rank and fortune, and aspiring youth
Pays its fair homage at the shrine of truth,
When glowing eloquence and kind applause
Its gen'rous fervour from reflection draws
Sweet is the note of praise!—the grateful muse
Hears the soft sound, and dares not to refuse.—
'Tis honour's voice—'tis music to the ear—
But vanity, 'tis not for thine to hear!
Fly to the rigid zone where frost shall reign,
And fancy's fairest flowers might bloom in vain,

Where cold oblivion opes her dreary grave
And claims the muse, which mercy still may save.

Illustrious youth! O say, when doom'd to quit
The rich abode of learning and of wit,
That classic mine by ardent poets sung,
Whence patriots, statesmen—even saints have
sprung,
Illustrious Cambridge—when thy steps no more,
Its honour'd haunts, unconscious shall explore,
When fashion o'er thy way, and splendour bright
Shall cast around their fascinating light,
When jocund mirth, prepar'd with fearless jest
Transforms the gentle hour of midnight rest—
When pleasure tells thee, that her flow'rs shall
bloom,
Oh treach'rous pleasure!—even in winter's gloom,

When ridicule, perchance, in fashion's scene
Scornful shall view fair truth's majestic mien—
Oh gen'rous L———, when her foes unite
And sophists shall dispute her heavenly right,
Then wilt thou view her with enraptur'd eyes
And grant that homage which the crowd denies?
Then wilt thou stand (tho' scoffing millions join)
And fight her noble cause, with zeal divine?—
Thus may it prove!—the fair perspective glows
In hopes bright scene, and oh! shou'd time disclose,
Then may a brighter fame than fashion yields
Record thy name, with those Religion shields.
While flattery courts thee, and with dazzled sight
Beholds thee rais'd on grandeur's blazing height—
Some virtuous bard, who ne'er on wasting time
Pour'd the rich incense of his verse sublime—
Some heav'nly bard, with eloquence refin'd,
May speak of thy enrich'd, ennobled mind.

TRUTH AND THE PILGRIM.

A DIALOGUE.

TRUTH.

Turn drooping Pilgrim! why so sad
And sigh with looks forlorn?
Dost not thou see the prospect glad
Of bright celestial morn?

PILGRIM.

Alas, my feeble pow'rs must faint—
I feel a venom'd dart:
Oh heav'nly Truth! it spreads its taint
And tears my bleeding heart.

TRUTH.

Fear not, oh Pilgrim! I have found
A balm of power divine,
Of sacred blood,—'twill cure thy wound,
And deeper wounds than thine.

PILGRIM.

I know fair Truth! thou canst not mock
But oh, my strength must fail—
How shall I climb that craggy rock
Or walk that dreary vale?

TRUTH.

I've got a staff of wondrous pow'r
And food celestial given—
'Twill chear thee in the toilsome hour
And give thee strength from Heaven!

PILGRIM.

But dreadful foes are gath'ring round
And savage hosts engage—

How shall I bear the cannon's sound
Or face the battle's rage?

TRUTH.

I've got a shield of matchless worth
Which death-like strokes will bear
A glitt'ring sword, not made on earth,
And Victory's written there!

PILGRIM.

But oh! shou'd secret foes invade
And spread their dire controul,
How shall I seek for sov'reign aid
To free my captive soul?

TRUTH.

I've got the golden key of prayer!
Poor Pilgrim, try its force,
Ne'er let it rust in dark despair,
'Twill prove a sure resource.

PILGRIM.

Bright Truth! I view thy radiant form,
But oh, shou'd whirlwinds rise,
How shall I bear the raging storm
When thunder rends the skies?

TRUTH.

Pilgrim, a glorious tower I have,
There shelter'd shalt thou be,
There watch—and even the whirlwind's power
Shall never injure thee.

LINES

TO THE DEPARTING YEAR, 1807,

Written the 31st of December.

Departing Year, farewell! tho' clouds have cast
Their gloom portending, o'er thy varied course
Still gratitude beholds the region pass'd
And bids her praise ascend, with ardent force!
For many a gleam has o'er my way been thrown
And sav'd my wand'ring steps from dire despair!
Sweet flowers, among the desarts too were shewn,
And golden beams of heav'nly brightness fair!
And still a refuge, when the storm has beat
Celestial truth has shewn my trembling feet.

Blest Year! in sorrows blest, thy praise I tell!
With fav'ring smiles, thou seemest to remove
Like some wise friend who takes a kind farewell
To shew his counsel stern was all in love!
Bright is the ray which gilds thy passing hour,
But oh! a nobler sun displays its power
And o'er thy exit shines—when time shall fail
His light shall reign—His splendour shall prevail.

Short Year, adieu! may Heaven each care controul
And stamp thy blessings on the conscious soul!

ON THE

DEATH OF Mrs. JEROME DE SALIS,

WHO LEFT AN INFANT FIVE DAYS OLD.

JANUARY 2, 1808.

So lovely, so belov'd!—remov'd so soon,
Just as terrestial bliss had reach'd its noon!
What pangs must love, must nature feel severe
When ev'n the stranger's eye must drop a tear,
And mark the mournful spot, with grief opprest,
Where lov'd Penelope retires to rest!—
There, in sad sympathy, alas, shall blend
The mother, husband, brother, sister, friend!
There blooming hope from sweet delusion torn
Casts the bright blossoms, once so gaily worn.

No! gentle hope!—preserve them, still to shed
Their cordial fragrance round the infant's head.
Perhaps—some future day, with smiles serene,
'Twill soothe fond memory with its mother's mien.
Tell it (when rip'ning reason shall unfold)
Oh tell it then of wealth, more rich than gold;
Tell it—in soft affection's melting hour
Its mother's charm was more than beauty's pow'r.
Then say—how christian faith, a balm supplies,
Resign'd to Heaven so dear, so lov'd a prize,
And train her beauteous offspring for the skies!

ON

GOOD FRIDAY.

1808.

O THOU; whose death was life, whose wounds a cure
To ev'ry pang and misery we endure!
Whose vast descent exalts a fallen race
Rich in thy poverty renew'd by grace!—
Thou patient sufferer—more than words can tell
Thou glorious conqueror! over death and hell!
Thou bright Redeemer! who in height supreme
Still brighter shone by mercy's radiant beam,
What shall we give thee?—praise is poor and weak—
'Twas thine to give—'twas thine the lost to seek!—
Drive from our hearts, those idols that wou'd share
And reign supreme, all bright and glorious there!

TO THE
AUTHOR
OF A
POLITICAL PAMPHLET,

WRITTEN WITH VIOLENCE AND ASPERITY.

Oh thou! whose daring hand would pluck the name
Inscrib'd on truth's fair monument of fame,
And deck with flow'rs a gay illusive form
Who seeks her dwelling oft in winter's storm,
And loves the mountain heath, and dreary wild,
Beyond the fairest scene where art has smil'd,—
Ah what avails the garden bright and gay
Which tempts the trav'ller to desert his way?—

Though roses bloom, and leaves of em'rald green
And gems with radiance deck the varied scene,
And eloquence in fancy's plain may rove
And breathe her syren strains in ev'ry grove,
If snares insiduous 'mid the fragrance sweet
Betray the wand'rer's rash unguarded feet,
If led fom home, from safety, from repose,
Still o'er the wretched trav'ller night must close.—
Ev'n liberty's gay form, tho' fancy brings
To aid her daring flight, its golden wings,
Tho' bards may languish, and tho' crowds admire,
And genius touch her with promethean fire,
Ev'n liberty shall fade,—and grief shall find
Of all her "cloud-capt tow'rs"—no trace behind!

Oh liberty!—thy charms, if truth shou'd paint
Like bashful love, they're brighter by restraint,—

Like some fair stream, within its velvet bounds
Delicious verdure decks th' adjacent grounds—
But rudely shou'd it seek a wider course,
The desolated landscape feels its force—

Oh liberty! too oft by poets blest
Most injur'd, most abus'd, when most caress'd!
Sweet is thy soothing power in scenes of strife
Thy smile, thy chasten'd smile to soften life?
But man, frail man with trembling hand must take
The precious cup for Heav'nly virtue's sake,
Not dwell too fondly on thy tuneful breath,—
One drop is cordial—but the draught is death.

A nobler mistress, and a richer prize
Invites thee still—and beckons from the skies!

Oh turn from guides fallacious to behold
With error's dross unmixt, her sterling gold
As truth's celestial volume shall unfold.—
There see immortal charms to freedom given
Wings of seraphic growth to rise to Heaven!
And man's proud heart from bosom slav'ry freed,
Shall feel His power who makes us "free indeed."

ESSAYS,

ON

SERIOUS AND IMPORTANT SUBJECTS.

ESSAYS.

ON

THE ENJOYMENT OF LIFE.

THE enjoyment of life is a term so familiar and interesting to the man of the world, and the sensualist, that he will think it perhaps, difficult, to improve or enlighten him on this subject, and that he is already possessed of a secret which he has made it his sole business to be acquainted with.

He who spreads every sail to the breeze of prosperity—who ransacks every corner of the earth to the utmost of his power, and exausts every power

of invention that he may enjoy life, he who forbids every melancholy object to approach him, will not easily be convinced that he is deficient in this his favourite science or that any thing can escape his notice, within the circle of worldly gratification. It is true nevertheless, that he fails, even in this his darling pursuit, and he is necessarily excluded on account of his ardour and selfishness, from many valuable enjoyments which the world produces.—

As it is in vain the most beautiful object may appear through a glass of distortion, and it is evident that music can make no impression on a deaf man, neither will many things in the works of providence and nature, upon a mind that is groveling and vicious.—It is impossible that such a mind can relish them.—The most delightful scenes will pass unobserved, and where innocence and virtue would find novelty and transport, depravity and passion will be blind, and deaf, cold and insensible.—

Any one who watches and observes his own sensations, when he is under the dominion of any strong impulse or violent passion, will find the immediate objects, and even the scenes around him,

are disregarded, or if notice is taken of them at all, it is really to compare them with his own feelings: it is only as they are in unison with these, that such scenes are acceptable.—For this cause, a man in grief or despair, enjoys the gloomy tempest which disfigures the face of nature and terrifies the pacific inhabitants of the earth.—The chearful beams of sunshine, and the beauties of summer would only increase his wretchedness and sting him to rage and desperation.—May not we say in this sense it is actually " the meek who inherit the earth."—That sweet composure of mind which attends humility, and prepares us to take delight in the harmony of nature, is entirely unknown to the man who is engrossed by his eagerness for pleasure, and the influence of passion.—The rational delight I have mentioned, is much too calm and heavenly to suit his perturbed spirit, and I think it was wisely remarked by some writer, that the scenes of nature have too much of Paradise still remaining, to be enjoyed by the depraved and vicious mind.—It is very rarely that we find the beauties of the country are estimated by persons of this sort. There is little to gratify vanity in the objects of rural retirement (when they are not our own)—and those who

delight in pomp or shew or artificial decoration, would far prefer the blaze of the midnight torch to that glorious luminary which enlivens nature and shines by command of Him whose goodness it is a faint emblem of.—But it is not only the beauties of creation that the voluptuary is usually insensible of—numberless are the blessings which pass unnoticed.—That exquisite repose which succeeds to fatigue, may indeed be welcome to him, but he takes it, I may say brutishly, like the animal who is placed to guard the door.—He lifts not his eyes in gratitude (the most delightful of sensations) to that almighty Benefactor who grants this refreshment to his unworthy creatures.—It is to be feared the emotions of pious thankfulness rarely attends the waking of a worldly man—though his sleep might have been, Death!—nor does he consider, or value the blessing of health, though the loss of it may fill him with impatience and torment.—Deliverance from danger may excite some sensation of pleasure, but what is this? how trifling and insignificant to the joy which is experienced by the true believer, acknowledging the mercy of providence in his preservation!—To him the hour of solitude is sweet; it is not a vacant hour. He has

resources at home as well as advantages abroad, and feeling within himself an immortal soul, his existence is ennobled, and acquires importance to him. "He drinks the spirit of the golden day"—(as Young most beautifully expresses it) "and triumphs in existence!"—Being free from envy, he can behold the estate of his rich neighbour with a peaceful and graceful complacency.—As vanity is excluded from his mind, he can enjoy a social circle of his friends, where flattery has no share, or he can be one at a spectacle where no distinction of equipage or company shall cause him to be noticed.—He can bear to be eclipsed, overlooked or forgot, and he enjoys every flower that adorns his path through life instead of trampling it under foot, with disdain, because riches and splendour are not granted him.

Such being the case, I think we may conclude that the virtuous in some respect, have the truest enjoyment of life at least, of all that can be safely and innocently enjoyed; and though wealth and ambition may exult in its superiority, its triumph originates from ignorance and its boast will be of

short duration.—In truth the voluptuary is not only excluded from many delights which the rational enjoy, but part of his life must necessarily be miserable —That well known and absurd ejaculation by a tragic poet which has excited so much ridicule, may truly be applied to him—

> "Ye Gods! annihilate both time and space
> "And make two lovers happy!"

Time is indeed fatally annihilated in the estimation of the sensualist, or man of pleasure, in those intervals when amusement and novelty are suspended.—His mind being neglected, the enjoyment of intellectual pleasures, of course, are denied him. —With respect to the sublime advantages of Religion, its comforts and its dignity, perhaps silence is the best we can expect from him, on this awful subject!

To conclude,—though happiness complete is certainly unattainable in this life, and sorrow is often, for wise and excellent purposes, the portion of those we call the best of men, yet even in this life they possess, in some respects, an infinite su-

periority and advantage over the bad and the reprobate; and it will be most conspicuous in that hour which all must inevitably encounter in some way or other, though numbers may cautiously and most fatally exclude it from their reflections.

ON

RESIGNATION.

Among those duties we are taught (if the voice of instruction has ever reached us) none is more necessary in this world, none more difficult to practise than absolute resignation. We know indeed, that it is a christian precept, that humility, submission and resignation are required of us, as creatures of almighty power, wise, merciful and good! which governs the universe by laws far superior to our finite capacities.—The precept therefore, make its appeal to our understandings, as well as to our hearts.—The latter must feel that resistance in such a case is impossible; the former must acknowledge that we should not wish it to be otherwise.—Thus, by the power of Religion, absolute resignation, appears practicable, and when all its glorious motives are considered and its power is actually

felt, who can doubt the resignation of a true believer is heartfelt and sincere?—not only will it influence his outward deportment, diffusing a gentleness over his manners, (not inconsistent with holy zeal,) but it will mould his wishes anew and take possession of his heart: such indeed, is the disposition of the saint, but we know it is not so with the ordinary man.—It is certainly not the temper which belongs to us as frail, rebellious creatures and members of a corrupt ungovernable multitude, of whom the poet observes,

——— "Through several paths they run
"Some to undo, and some to be undone."

Almost every one in chace of some favourite object, which he pursues with eager impatience or insiduous stratagem, whilst a few who succeed better than the rest, are exulting over their angry competitors, and glory in possession of that which at best, can only be theirs for a short period. There are those, perhaps, who enjoy and idolize, in some quieter, less obtrusive manner, the hope or object of their affections; but still, they are equally enslaved and infatuated by its fancied pre-eminence,

Now, let me ask—is it likely—is it possible indeed, that resignation should ever be practised—that it should even be thought of, when every idea of happiness is fixed to one point, and centered in one terrestrial object?—Impossible!—when that is taken away, the heart is at once, like a fabric from which the main pillar or prop is removed, and as that is of a decaying nature, how should it continue?—The individual seems scarcely to exist, or exhibits but the melancholy fragment of a rational creature.—We may survey such a being with some degree of pity but it will probably be mingled with contempt.—We shall inquire perhaps, why one who had reasonable faculties, should suffer them to fail and vegetate, while inordinate affection like a noxious weed, had overrun the ground and prevented its necessary culture.—Perhaps, we shall wonder, among various delightful and interesting objects, which the blind and the deaf lament they are excluded from—objects to excite a noble curiosity and call forth the tenderest affections—why one exclusively should be admitted, to monopolize the feelings of the soul, with an idolatrous attachment, as if it was made for that object alone, especially when it is of an imperfect and perishable kind.—

We shall wonder that an immortal soul should thus be narrowed and confined, and we shall severely condemn the folly of the man whose pursuit was without honour, and its end unprofitable!—

So wise and sagacious we often are, in the case of another individual, but alas, we are rarely so in our own!—There is generally some vulnerable corner in the heart which we keep for ourselves, where rebel inclination is secreted and hopes it will be spared.—The moment that this fortress is invaded, and the beloved object is violently wrested from our embrace, oh how feeble we become!—Then do we feel the immense disproportion between theory and practice: in a moment we are stunned—petrified by the blow! and if only philosophy is our support, I apprehend it will grant but a poor asylum when misery and despair apply to it for a shelter! it will fly like the morning mist described in Ossian, when the storm and the whirlwind rages. Not so Religion! for her promise is divine! and while she opens the arms of mercy to the poor helpless sufferer he learns the noblest and most useful lesson, that his distress was meant the forerunner of happiness, and a path of thorns conducts to a crown of glory.—

In the lowest depths of affliction we gather the richest pearls, such as an immortal crown may be adorned with! nature indeed, will struggle and contend against suffering and trials. It is painful to part with a distempered and mortified limb, though life requires it.—But I must observe, many exertions are voluntarily undergone, to satisfy a sensual inclination, very nearly as irksome as this; and here, in sacrificing our wills to the will of God we act as immortal beings who hope to live eternally with Him.—What we have not courage to do ourselves His providence often appoints and inflicts upon us in mercy.—He tears away the traitor from our hearts, when it usurps dominion; and His grace (if we ardently implore it) will render our light afflictions the means of happiness.—Indeed by His power they will "work for us a far "more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

Surely, he is a faint-hearted traveller, who murmurs at the road for being rough and uncomfortable, when it leads him to a palace, and a palace too, where his indulgent Father will receive him. We should say that he wanted the spirit and courage of a man, if he refused the way, especially if assured it

was the nearest and safest.—Such an one is the faint-hearted discontented believer, whose cowardly mind is dejected and overcome by the troubles of his earthly career: some of his days no doubt, will be dark and discouraging. Some of the way will be steep and rugged—but even if his steps should be traced in blood, let him not despond or hesitate!—The saints have travelled the same way before him, the blessed martyrs even a worse, and they are now happily arrived at the haven where they should be!—He may humbly hope to join with them in praising the same Lord, who has sustained them through the way and who certainly will be their portion for ever.—

Such reflections as these pursued and deeply imprinted in the soul, by the good spirit of God while we commit ourselves to Him, will enable us to sleep sweetly, even upon the brink of a precipice; and we shall find at length, that we are happier and richer (though deprived of every thing) than the gratification of our most ardent earthly desires could have rendered us.—We shall find by experience that Christianity is more than speculation.—It takes away importance from trifles, to

give it where most due.—It is Christianity alone that takes in both worlds at once, with dignity and composure, and the resignation it confers is as much superior to Roman magnanimity, as an eternity to be enjoyed, is superior to a posthumous fame which we may never be conscious of.

ON FAITH.

THERE have been many disputes in the world, (much to the grief of sincere christians) concerning Faith and good works, as if there was, or could be an opposition betwixt them, but surely this is from want of true knowledge:—Faith in Holy scripture is represented as inseperable from good works, "Faith worketh by love"—"as the root is Holy, "so are the branches."—St JOHN says in one of his epistles, that "he who hopes to see God puri- "fies himself even as he is pure"—Faith is seated in the heart and calls forth its best affections to serve the best master.—A man may say he has Faith but if he is regardless of christian duties, I cannot believe him. Faith, which is the gift of God, shews itself in obedience and aspiration of the soul towards Him, and the nearer it approaches infinite perfection through the Blessed mediator, the more pure and Holy it will grow by the rays of

that glorious light, which not only irradiates the mind but gives it life and activity.—If a man informs me that he believes his house will actually be set on fire some particular night—and then goes to rest that very night, notwithstanding, as if nothing affected him, I cannot suppose that he was in earnest; or else I must conclude that he has lost his senses. But the Faith of a christian is more than assent;—It is conviction!—it is a serious rennovating principle, it is such a light (in a spiritual sense) as he may walk by.—As the Holy apostle declares "it is the evidence of things not seen," by which the weak mortal is transplanted to a higher region, and feels himself heir to another world: it is through the Redeemer's merits and intercession, the light of God's countenance on the soul, and it is of more value to the believer than a thousand worlds, for by this he learns the riches of salvation, the power of divine grace, and the hope of glory. There is no doubt, the hypocrisy of some professors has excited, in certain persons, a distrust and perplexity upon this subject; but to judge of all by the dissimulation of a few, is a very unfair and partial method of decision.—It is not the profession of truth, or the perversion of it, but truth

itself we should inquire into, as it is revealed in the holy scriptures, while prayer to God for the enlightening power of the holy spirit in such research, should never be neglected by us; for he gives us the golden key to unlock those treasures! by Him we shall learn that it is Faith indeed, which "overcometh the world"—and we shall also learn, from whence it originates, and derives its energy; even from the glorious fountain of life eternal.—Then let us turn our eyes to the apostles themselves, —to the army of saints and martyrs,—and we shall behold the triumph of Faith!—not in empty boast or vain professions, but actually in charity to enemies, humility, and transcendent fortitude disclaiming the idea of self-importance and ascribing the glory (as due) to God alone.—

In these we shall see clearly, the deportment of a genuine Faith, shining with brighter lustre by the flames of persecution, and victorious in the sufferings of death!—The valour of heroes and conquerors, indeed, might fail in the comparison. It is evident that the saints had Faith to overcome the world, and by fixing its ardent eye on the Redeemer, the connexion was never broken! the

christian became "more than conqueror through "Him that loved us."

Convinced of the truth and reality of such examples, and even of more recent instances which the world has produced, in the death of many true and pious believers, methinks the presumptuous infidel should abate somewhat of his arrogance.—At least he should be discreet and silent upon the subject, and recollect the answer of Sir Isaac Newton to Halley the mathematician, when he spoke disrespectfully of revelation.

"Mr. Halley! I like to hear you talk of the "mathematics because that is a science you have "studied and understand, but you should not talk "of Christianity for you have not studied it.—Now "I have, and know that you know nothing of the "matter.

How Mr. Halley received this reproof is not recorded I believe.—We may think from so great a man as Sir Isaac Newton it was rather severe; but all who are acquainted with his character, must know, he was remarkable for the mildness of his

disposition, and perhaps the admonition which he bestowed on Mr. HALLEY was the most poignant and mortifying he ever gave!—No doubt he considered it was not to the opponent of NEWTON but to that of Christianity.—Though multitudes, and even the learned (as they are called), may conspire against it, we must never be ashamed of our Faith, nor "suffer the reverence of any man to cause us to fall."—We must remember that there is actually a conspiracy against Faith among men of this world, and even among many who call themselves the friends of morality.—The moralist, indeed, may be a quiet member of society, but he is only mechanically regular, at best.—The life and spirit of christian excellence is wholly unknown to him, and as he is rather proud of his rectitude than uneasy at the corruption of his own heart, and the imperfection of his best actions, humility, at least, will be excluded from the list of his virtues.—Cold and languid must be his sensations, formal and wearisome his devotion, (if it deserves the name)—he is a stranger to the joy and animation of spiritual life, and resting in outward rules and observances, it is more than probable, if trouble should visit him, he will sink into wretchedness and despair—or at least,

he will experience a dreary blank within his mind which nothing can relieve or occupy.—The portion of an immortal soul cannot be in this world, and if Faith is excluded, it remains exactly in the situation of a traveller who pursues his way in disconsolate darkness —Blessed be God!—He has wrought a salvation which depends not on the opinions of men; and He has opened to us the gates of mercy, though human prejudice and obstinacy would close them for ever!—Indeed the felicity of a true christian would be too delightful if he had not seasons of trial and suffering.—However as the day of trial so his strength will be! a strength that is divine!—he expects and he will meet with many adversaries, but recollects even the victorious cross of his Master was once despised, and he is not worthy to follow Him who takes not shame and reproach into the bargain.—Blest with the sunshine of redeeming mercy, he discerns a light, not only in the darkest abode of misery, but even in the chambers of death, those dismal mansions being sanctified by our great Deliverer.—From thence He arose in triumph, and the humble believer knows he will rise also!—The tenderest friendship of man cannot save, neither can his fiercest enmity

destroy; but Faith has a rock for its defence, and though tempests may rage and roar, and billows may beat against it, it is firm, sure and impregnable.

ON

THE ADVANTAGES OF AGE.

Among those unfortunate prejudices it is difficult if not impossible to eradicate, may be esteemed the almost universal dread which accompanies the idea of Age, especially in worldly persons:—To examine the subject more particularly may not be useless.—I could wish to investigate the cause, as well as to expose the folly of it; and whilst youth is courted in the language of flattery, and checked by the sober voice of instruction, I would fain say something (for the sake of women in particular) in behalf of experience and even decrepitude, to which in the course of time we all advance—of that season when the blossoms indeed are withered, but the fruit should remain, and evergreens may be found to afford a shelter suited to the winter of human life.

That time will steal away the beauties as well as the activity of youth, is undeniable, and if felicity depended on admiration the loss would be irreparable; but felicity depends on very different causes,—and if Age has dignity to recommend it, there is no cause to complain.—As to the young, we cannot allow them to be adequate judges in a case which requires knowledge and impartiality, whereas they have neither one nor the other.—It is not likely they should decide fairly of Age, when they consider it often as a spy and disturber of their amusements; when they know that it throws a curb on that inordinate love of pleasure, which they are determined to indulge, whatever it may cost them. —Experience comes in their way, like a terrific spectre to reproach and check them—and wisdom itself, in any form, would do so, though she appeared with the aspect of an angel!—They are conscious, that it will require of them, many reluctant hours, devoted to study and serious occupation, which the youthful votary considers as lost and cruelly sacrificed in such wearisome pursuits.— The monitor, of course, is surveyed with coolness, if not with malignity; nor do the sportive band reflect, that in some future period of life they may recall

his image with respect and gratitude, lamenting the abridgment of his lessons rather than the length of them.—Indeed, when courtesy and christian patience adorns the instructor, there is somewhat next to divine in his office which should certainly excite veneration, and in fact, it confers an obligation which no intervention of time should ever cancel.—When life advances, and the season of instruction is thought to cease, objections to Age and seniority will still continue.—With the gay, an idea of rigour and severity attends it, which renders its appearance unwelcome to them. As years begin to multiply, we observe more distinctly, that love and admiration are constantly paid to youth; it gains an importance from this, in the sight of vanity and self love, not to be calculated.—They not only esteem this season of folly and inexperience as most desirable, but they endeavour to prolong it by every possible expedient that ingenuity can divise, and the depredations of time, are dreaded like the ghastly heralds of despair and mortality.—It must be owned, after all, it is real wisdom alone, that power which is superior to genius, that can encounter old Age with all its concomitants—(especially in adverse circumstances of life)—fear-

less and undismayed; nor is it in a frivolous mind, the coxcomb or the coquette, either to revere its dignity, or behold its advantages.—By such it is condemned as morose and covetous—far be it from me to palliate such defects! I would only observe, that youth is not always exempt from them. —When folly is attached to Age, let it not be spared, but this is not very often to be met with. —Sometimes we may see the enfeebled prisoner of vice, and it is a melancholy spectacle to the most profligate.—Alas, if modern philosophy were to prevail (which Heaven forbid) the sight would not be uncommon, its deplorable aspect would frequently meet us!—The miser shaking over his gold, and the tyrant who delights in tormenting others, have often been the subject of satire, but satire will not cure them.—No!—It must be that wisdom which brightens the midnight, which sweetens meditation and enriches repose! It is not the mere result of laborious enquiry or philosophical observation; it is practical and divine; and it effectually saves a man from that deplorable weakness: regretting the season of youth and pleasure, which even, if a wise and religious man could any ways recall, most certainly he would not do so.

Youth indeed he surveys with compassion, and also with benevolence.—He sees it encompassed with dangers of which it is insensible!—That youth is the season of felicity is entirely a mistake, and I appeal to numbers, who disguise an aching heart in the moment of splendour and gaiety.—It is frequently, in such a scene, that the bosom is corroded by severest anguish!—To the young, retirement and restraint are often dreadful—yet these they must submit to, as well as to numberless mortifications from which sober Age is exempted, expecting nothing of the world it is not disappointed. In youth there is frequently a wish for what it is impossible to attain—Sometimes, it bestows affection, where there is no return, or where a return is useless; sometimes where treachery is the consequence—insuperable difficulties deprive it of the society it loves—or some injurious rival may ruin and overturn all its favourite pursuits!—How often is the prime of life consumed in fruitless sorrow, disgraceful folly, or in vain chimeras of imagination, impossible to be realized; administering fuel to passions which ought to be subdued!—Frequently are the hours and days, devoted to pernicious writers, whose works are the poison of

society. Youth is too often the prey of tyrannical passion, which destroys its peace and like the canker worm "feeds on its damask cheek."—Or supposing it prospers, it has no patience—no leisure to contemplate the beauties of nature, nor to trace the wonders of creation up to its divine Author, "who has given us richly all things to enjoy"—thus it loses a supreme and noble gratification.—The course of the seasons convey no reflection, but as affording the means of pleasure and variety, and every space, every moment of time which separates it from the object of desire, appears a vacuity; I will venture to say it wishes such a time obliterated.—If you envy youth, behold it in its agitations, its disappointments, and its despair! and then turn your eyes for relief, to that benevolent matron, the gentle Sophronia!—She is walking through a beautiful meadow, not to captivate beholders with the graces of her air, but to enjoy a delicious morning.—With discriminating taste she admires every plant and object that surrounds her. The playful innocence of the lambs, and the animated creation, increases her delight.—She considers the prospect, the variegated tints of autumn, and the

glorious canopy over her head!—She raises her eyes to Heaven with the meek, unutterable ardour of heartfelt gratitude. "This (she says) is my "Creator's gift, and more, much more than this "has He done for my soul!—Long have I lived "upon earth; this season will probably be my "last, and by His blessing I will enjoy it."—Happy Sophronia! her heart is tuned to prayer and praise, they flow alternately from her lips!—I need not say that solitude to her is serene, since it is more enriched and animated than company and shew could make it.—When charity or friendship calls, indeed, she is not inactive or insensible; but no intercepting object obscures that radiant light which shines upon her soul, and will chear her through the darkest region of the grave.—Perhaps the flower was cut down by Providence, which might once have stopped her on her road, but she dares not regret it—she knows its removal was in mercy!—Deprived of friends, of youth and fortune, she has found in the stores of heavenly truth and wisdom, more than a rich equivalent for all she has lost.—The gay may not envy her, but no neglect can render Sophronia wretched—no contempt whatever, can make her contemptible.

Let us remember, that while Sophronia is spared, that numbers are removed during the spring of life. Let us bless that merciful Providence which has spared us so long, and acknowledge if no one should reach the period of reflection and experience, the world would not only be more ignorant but more wretched than it is.—In the decline of life, if vice and folly appear most in their deformity, piety at this season displays its victorious lustre!

I am aware, it may be said, that many a deplorable object may be brought in contrast to Sophronia, Lamenting the loss of faculties, the loss of friends and connexions, and that dismal unpitied solitude to which the aged are frequently condemned; and it may be added, as an aggravation to their feelings, that attention towards them, is even considered as meritorious, when extraordinary worth, or pecuniary motives are not the inducement to it. Though Age is censured for distrust and suspicion, we forget the multiplied causes and reasons which it has for it.—As to those who treat the aged and elderly part of their acquaintance with visible contempt and undaunted derision, I will only observe, that perhaps, their dislike is a greater honour than their approba-

tion.—I think there is a land of certain savages, where the aged are put to death, as well as infants who seem unpromising, and it would not be an unsuitable punishment for those offenders, I have mentioned, to banish them all to this country, since they practise as far as they dare, the manners of it. Leaving such culprits who I cannot pretend to reclaim, or make ashamed of themselves, I must observe, if they are classical scholars, they should consult the annals of the ancients, and more polished heathens, where reverence and respect for Age, was established as a law; and there is infinitely a higher authority which has enjoined it.

I must also observe, that the debility and weakness which accompanies extreme Age is perhaps not a misfortune, as generally conceived to be, since it increases that love of retirement which best becomes it, and weans it still more gently from a world it must shortly quit for ever.—As to the complaint of ill-humour and impatience—I must remark that they are so far from being peculiar to age, that the irascible passions, as well as others generally subside at this period of life; they seem as if somewhat mellowed by time, and generally there is a remarkable

benignity to youth, in such persons when true religion is predominant.—I know at this time, a venerable dame of 86, in an humble station of life, but so calm and serene that the fairest of her grandchildren might envy her; nor is this, by any means a solitary example which I have met with, of patience, neatness, and complacency—but as it generally dwells in seclusion, perhaps it is the less noticed.—The decline of a pious man's life has been compared poetically, to the soft serenity of a fine summer's evening, and not improperly. The idea is solemn, just, and pleasing.—There is even a majesty in the declining sun, as he slowly withdraws into night, and we hope to see his beams on the morrow.—In this respect the religious venerable man, has an infinite superiority peculiar to him.—Enlightened by the sun of righteousness, he sets, to rise again, in a brighter region, and the beautiful luminary of day must fade in the comparison.

ON

PRIDE.

ALTHOUGH there is universally a dislike and abhorrence of pride, and the inconveniences of this dangerous passion are felt and suffered with the utmost uneasiness, yet among many persons it seems to be considered as a virtue, and it is even recommended to the young and unexperienced as a security against mean, degrading actions. We hear of a proper pride, and decent pride, and even of a noble pride!—we wonder that such a person has not more pride than to demean himself with low companions—degenerate habits and scurrilous or plebian language.—A young woman should have more pride, we say, than to appear in despicable, illiterate society—a pride in her character—in her family, is recommended, and where dignity of sen-

timent, or delicacy, should produce reserve, decorum and propriety, we hear of its odious unworthy substitute Pride, without one reflection or thought, how far this is contradictory to our holy religion.—It must be allowed, that an appeal which is made too often, to so natural a propensity as Pride may be sure of attention. The mind which recoils from virtue and religion, would be alarmed at an accusation "that it wants a proper pride!" By this idea, it feels itself degraded, and listens to the wise preceptor, with a full determination to assert its own importance and maintain its superiority.—Many, indeed, are careless, and indifferent by what means they prevail, if success attends them, and I suppose the reason that Pride is recommended as a friend to decorum and propriety, is because it is the easiest method of instruction—it finds no opposition whatever, but rather congenial feelings, in the natural depravity of the human heart, and of course, a friendly consent.—Elegance of manners, politeness and sedateness of behaviour, are possibly the result of such a conduct as exactly suits the laws of fashionable society.—There is often a fair exterior while Pride is the moving principle, and the moment it meets with contradiction, or is attacked, the

machine is entirely disordered at once.—We then can see behind the scenes, and all that deception is removed which charmed and allured us.—The proud man acts a part, perhaps genteelly enough, but it is his business to conceal the prompter.—And if any unforeseen circumstance shews the secret, he loses all his importance and excellence in our estimation; he must lose it.—What he is to himself, may easily be supposed; he is a mere puppet—the creature of favour and applause.—In solitude, his situation is contemptible, even to himself.—When the cypher of admiration is wanting he becomes a blank.—What he is in the sight of his Maker, is awful to imagine, he is hateful and resisted! and if Heaven should mercifully make him its care, very severe trials and discipline will probably be the evidence of its favour.—It is a good observation, that the trouble of subduing our evil passions is not, by any means, equal to the torment of living under the dominion of any one of them.—Pride is unquestionably of this number. Pride is an insatiable tormentor.—It sometimes pampers its votaries, but oftener starves them; and indeed it acts the part of a tyrant, as well as a rebel.—It causes discontent in every station, and

ingratitude for the highest benefits.—It excites envy at the excellence of others, distraction at their superiority, and also an obdurate obstinacy, which no argument nor persuasion can subdue.—It aspires —but not to virtue! and it seeks for eminence, not to discern more clearly the objects around, or to benefit them, like the friendly beacon to mariners, but to be seen itself like the may-pole, which is crowned with garlands on purpose to be followed and admired.—If Pride be so hateful, so dangerous and so great a nuisance to society, surely the early seeds of it should not be fostered but eradicated.—Although it should be mingled with Roman virtue, it ill becomes a christian or even a civilized land.—If the barbarous victor Achilles dragged the body of the noble Hector, at his chariot wheels in all the pride of conquest, no one I believe now admires the act. Certainly not a British warrior, who would treat the corpse even of his enemy with decent respect.—In the history of Edward the black Prince, his humble deportment and courteous as well as pious behaviour, after his signal victory, is carefully pointed out.—Does not this shew that real dignity and heroism claim no alliance with Pride to set them off, rather are they graced and

beautified by a gentle benignity.—Humility is never so attractive and charming as when it appears in a majestic person; I may then say it appears truly divine; nor does it in the least, impair the real consequence of him who shews it.—On the contrary, it shews that greatness sets easy upon him like a robe he is accustomed to:—To mention with awe and gratitude, the first and noblest of all examples, we know the greatest Person who was ever seen upon earth was the most humble.—

If humility is then so graceful, in the high and exalted, why should it not be respectable in those who are inferior?—but however it is regarded in this world, it must always preserve its value.—It sweetly composes the mind and rectifies the passions, amidst all the discord and tumults of this earthly scene, and it recommends us to God. Humility is the gentle companion and partner of peace.—It is the star (as a pious author observes) which must be worn on the breast of every true christian, and to keep it bright, it frequently requires to be rubbed with trials and afflictions.—The humble man sails on a calm sea, and not being himself the monarch of the scene, in his own opinion, he can

behold it with the greater impartiality; while the proud man is tost on a raging ocean, the sport of every billow and of every gale that arises.—Let us not envy those who are distinguished by birth, wealth, or talents; many a hard lesson must be learnt to keep them from that monster Pride!—and if ever he should prevail against them, the most brilliant success, the most eloquent flattery, will only feed a distemper which sooner or later may destroy them.—As to those who recommend Pride, as a specific against mean actions, we may consider them as miserable quacks, who increase the real malady while they seem to palliate the symptoms of it;—and administer a cordial when alteratives are required.

It is an ingenious expression I have met with, "that many things would break a proud man's "heart that would not break an humble christian's "sleep."—The idea is not only animated, but it is just, and conveys a strong impression of the irritability of Pride, and the delightful tranquility of an humble mind.—Perhaps some would envy the sleep

it enjoys who would scorn its waking tranquility! —But however refractory our will, and our nature may be, there is more depending than our present comfort.—Every thought must be brought into captivity to christian obedience, with fervour and perseverance in prayer, to conquer the enemy, and if we really possess any advantage superior to others, we must first of all consider (with gratitude) that it is a gift which implies no merit in the possessor; and secondly, we must consider it as a trust committed to our care, for which we shall be most awfully accountable, and even in eternity may regret the abuse of it.

When we reflect that the fallen angels were ruined by Pride, surely no argument can be wanting to create abhorrence of that vice! a vice the more to be dreaded, as it closes the gates of knowledge, seals up the avenues to the heart, and hardens it to a degree, against every impression of truth, gratitude and humanity.

ON

THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

WHATEVER aversion men of the world may have to virtue and religion (and indeed the very name of them, is often accompanied with derision and ridicule), yet the character of a real saint still inspires a secret veneration. There is something that's noble and dignified in a man who has been truly distinguished, and remarkable for unaffected piety; and though he may be treated with disrespect, and numbers avoid him while he is living, yet an account of his life and sufferings (when he is consigned to the silent tomb) will be treasured up, not only by truth, but also by curiosity. Though the lively, and the young would fly from a methodical discourse, appealing to the understanding—they will sometimes peruse with avidity the me-

moirs of saints and martyrs! notwithstanding their excellent example may never be laid to heart.—For a moment however, the mind will be exalted and captivated, by a view of such elevated goodness and superior magnanimity.—So powerful is truth, though we shun her as the guide of conduct and dread her authority.—Religion may seem to have an austere and forbidding aspect, when she would separate us from some object idolatrously preferred—yet we cannot deny her our respect when she attends with graceful dignity on the footsteps of another! There is not only a majesty which awes our feelings, but a beauty which commands our admiration. We are forced to acknowledge, that her features are noble and divine; and sometimes a solitary wish arises—that we could accompany her, though we trace her through the wilderness of poverty and distress. Her importance seems then to increase, and she shines with a redoubled superiority.—What pity it is, that such an impression should only be superficial—that it should not be lasting!—The history of wealth and opulence, of power and splendour, excites no such sensation. With what ideas do we read of the

devices of luxury?—Of costly exhibitions which the world was ransacked to adorn?—Of splendid processions to ennoble the living and the dead? Whatever they once might be, the pompous display and trappings of greatness afford but little pleasure in description, and some simple anecdote expressive of exalted virtue and fortitude, will shine in history, beyond the most eloquent representation of magnificence.

Somewhat congenial to an immortal soul, is required for man, and though the eye may be regaled and delighted by the temporary survey of elegance and grandeur, yet even the repetition of it would often become insipid, and the pageant of the moment, on which thousands are employed, is gradually dismissed into oblivion.—It is far otherwise with the objects of mental admiration.—The contemplation of them (if our hearts can relish it) is ever delightful.—We recommend them to the young and unexperienced, and though the heart of man is naturally corrupt and inclined to vice, yet virtue still preserves her dignity and precedence in speculation; at least, until the dominion of her

enemy, shall totally have perverted every faculty of the mind.—Our SHAKESPEAR says

> " The man that has no music in his soul
> " Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils."

This might more justly be applied to those who that are entirely insensible to the charm of illustrious examples; and not only apply to vice for counsel in their difficulties, but actually survey her form with a serious and diabolical approbation!—To such, the appearance of an angel might not be lovely. But in general, though sin seduces the heart, and misleads the understanding, there still remains within the mind some faint perception of good, and sometimes it appears even in the most reprobate.—

I once knew a remarkable instance of this, in an exemplary old lady in the neighbourhood where I lived,—so eminent she was for charity, that she never spoke ill of any one, and seemed to me to approach to the character of a saint (from the slight knowledge I possessed at that period)—Being once attacked by a robber when alone, she had actually

courage to expostulate (while she withheld her money from him) and coolly, on his fatal resolution,—as being more injurious to himself than to her. Her remonstrance was gentle; it was conveyed in the true spirit of christian charity and meekness, but accompanied with the most resolute fortitude.—She offered him a guinea, to relieve his present distress, but absolutely refused to give him the contents of her purse.—Her behaviour was becoming a saint, and I must add (perhaps to the astonishment of my readers), that the thief was literally disarmed, melted and overcome.—Through divine mercy, it appeared to be the means of producing his happy reformation; and that which the vengeance and threats of law could not subdue, or even the fear of death seemed actually humbled to contrition and gratitude—his converted and conquered heart.

It is not my intention to say by any means, that piety and virtue will always meet with respect in this world.—It is far the reverse.—No doubt there was a time when the saints and martyrs were reduced to the lowest humiliation, and treated with cruelty, as the most abject and contemptible of the

earth, in some degree, like their divine Master.—How highly are they now exalted in the hemisphere of glory!—Far indeed, beyond the limits of earthly fame.—Fame they would have dreaded as a snare, and despised as a recompense, but they are raised to that immortal state which nothing can deprive them of. In order to delineate their characters, we must have recourse to those blessed oracles of truth which tell us that there is a spiritual fight to be maintained, where every step of their heavenly journey was chalked out for them. —While we consider their eminence, and rejoice that they are safely landed on the everlasting shore, may our souls be elevated to Him, in whose strength they were strong, to whose glory they lived, and to whom they are now (through the Redeemer's merits) eternally united!

ON

EXPERIMENTAL RELIGION.

When the natural man is undone as to all his worldly hopes and expectations, when his affections are buried in the grave, and his heart is broken by sorrow, the spiritual man arises (sometimes) from his ashes, with more than phœnix beauty! impressed with the holy power of Religion, he becomes a new creature, alive to new hopes, new expectations, and a new and better world.—When he has once discovered (as it were) the divine Saviour who redeemed him, and discerns His unspeakable excellence; all below in comparison, sinks into nothing.—The Redeemer is light, life, health, joy, friendship, support, and society to his soul.—Looking up to God and seeing His glory in Jesus Christ, no refuge in trouble can

be wanting.—The christian is only afraid of sin, which darkens the sweet path in which he walks, and interrupts at times, his communion with God. He dreads also the world, and every snare which other men run into, and he keeps up an intimate acquaintance with himself which other men avoid; neither does he trust in himself, because he knows that his strength and armory is from above.—He dares not follow the multitude to do evil, because he is a servant of a high Master; neither does he call the disappointments of life great misfortunes, or even his heaviest losses; as he knows they are the discipline, he either deserves or requires, and they work together for the good of his immortal soul, which he prefers to his perishable body, and commits to the care and management of God.

The christian is constantly humbled, not by the contempt of others, by this or the other event, but by his own infirmities and frailties—he questions himself severely—considers solitude as the nurse of meditation, and in his best actions discovers what is wrong.—he discourages applause, and is better pleased with censure than with extravagant encomiums, referring all that is commendable, to the

praise of God.—Indeed, to a wise enlightened mind, there are few exaggerations more displeasing than that excessive panegyric which is frequently lavished on distinguished characters both of the living and the dead. Let a noble action or exemplary conduct receive their due, but when absolute perfection is ascribed to a fallible imperfect mortal, surely it testifies great ignorance and rashness!—Besides, I must observe, there is a sort of praise, which is absolute profaneness and idolatry. —We should strictly beware of this.—I think if those lines which are unhappily annexed to the 28th edition of SHERLOCK upon Death, had been read by that wise and devout man, he would rather have perused them with grief and indignation than with pleasure, as they ascribe to him, a degree of excellence and power belonging only to the Deity! —This, indeed, is an extreme of horrible enormity, and a pious religious man would prefer censure and reproach a thousand times, to such profane adulation.

The christian is not only superior to flattery but to the malevolence of private scandal.—He has enough to do, without meddling with the business

of the world beyond his lawful calling, and the duties of his station, which he faithfully attends to. Neither does he interfere with others, where he can do no good. Animosities and disputes among neighbours he avoids.—Extraordinary instances of fraud or wickedness, and afflicting casualties, excite his attention, indeed, so far, as to animate his devotion, and exertions of charity—but they wound his feelings too severely to be chosen as subjects of mere curiosity. He is careful neither to condemn, nor to praise too lavishly, and values every thing he possesses, even the necessaries of life, his sleep, his food and raiment, with feelings that are exquisite and delightful; because he considers that all these are the gift, the free gift of his supreme Benefactor, who has given His own blessed Son to redeem us, and surely may be trusted, to give us all things!—By the grace of God the believer lives, even more than by temporal food.—"His life is "hid with Christ in God."—He goes into a spiritural treasury where he finds all things—he flies into a "strong tower," where he is safe.—No one must ascribe this account to enthusiasm, for the true servants and children of God know it to be real, and even less than the truth.—No man

has a right to deny it because he has not felt the happy experience of such a state, any more than he has a right to deny a mathematical conclusion who is ignorant of the science, or the history of a foreign country where he never was.

It is certain, nothing is so astonishing as the revolution in a man who once was worldly when he becomes truly religious or spiritually minded—he proves it indeed "to be life and peace."—He once thought himself to be in the path of reason and happiness, he now finds himself to be so; and acquires a sublime existence, which the change from a beggar to a prince, would faintly and poorly represent. Yet it must be added "let him that "standeth take heed lest he fall"—"the best must work out his salvation with fear and trembling."—Though the joys of the believer are great and his feelings and affections delightfully exercised, yet he has sometimes terrors and inquietude unspeakable, like a man who fears to be shipwrecked in sight of a most luxuriant shore, and just perhaps, as he is entering the harbour of eternity! If the loss of a temporal, imperfect object can excite misery, what must it be to lose an eternal inheritance, and

such a Saviour as the believer is well acquainted with; such a Heaven as he looks up to!—Sometimes however this dreadful distracting apprehension attacks him, and perhaps 'tis proper it should.—There is so much corruption remaining in the best, and so much folly in the wisest, that a confidence of spiritual safety, is dangerous; at least, we may venture to say so, in many cases, though it is delightful to the believer and suitable to trust in God.—Whatever his trials may be, he must not be desponding, for as his trials, "so his strength "will be."—Although he is sometimes left in darkness and sorrow, he looks forward to that happy moment, when he shall depart, and all these clouds of error, distress and infirmity, shall be scattered for ever. With ideas so heavenly,—so comforting—so delightful—well may he be chearful, and even in this world have a certain relish of his being, and the beauties of nature, which neither pleasure nor philosophy will ever enjoy.—How different is the hypocrite!—he wishes to be thought a saint, and sometimes may obtain the title, but I think a discerning christian will rarely be deceived in him.—Fictitious sanctity has more parade than consistency.—The soft undissembled

meekness of a true believer leaves him accessible at all times; and though his temper may partake of human frailty he never extenuates his faults, or finds a refuge in the sins of his neighbours. He seeks not observation, and can yield superiority to others, without uneasiness.—The christian may be a mysterious character to the man of the world, but perhaps he is the only person in whom there is no deception at all, and whose sincerity may always be depended upon; were it only for this reason, that he considers himself as never without a witness, and he dares not be false were he even inclined to it, because it is the God of truth who beholds him and will call him into judgement.

ON

JUSTICE.

JUSTICE is a sublime and awful virtue. Let us not think that this duty is confined to kings and magistrates, every man in his sphere, may practise it, every man must practise it, who is a servant of the most High —We may conceive the importance of Justice by the miseries that are produced by neglect of it, and by its daring violation. —The last we may observe, not only in tyrants but sometimes in private individuals: parents towards their children, and many other instances. Where causeless preference is given—where social claims are disregarded, and the rights of men, as connected with us, we are guilty of injustice. The continued practice of this vice, introduces a kind of disorder into the soul, as well as subverts the

peace and comfort of society; Justice and policy are therefore in some degree united. It is certainly not every just man who is religious, but every religious man must be just.—Justice is like other virtues, more perfect and consistent with so glorious a guide as christianity, and it has this superiority over pagan virtue, it assumes no merit of its own, for being so.—In truth, it is more to be depended upon in a person enlightened by christian truth. He who knows and believes, that every thought as well as every transaction is unfolded in the sight of God, can have no adequate inducement to practise imposition or deception with respect to man, or to take unfair advantages even over an adversary, since he knows that he will himself be the greatest loser and have the worst of the bargain.—It is true, that it is sometimes difficult to be just, though it may seem to be like following a plain path, but whenever it is so, we must still consider it as an indispensable duty, and leave the event to Providence. Justice may sometimes relax her features in favour of mercy (how far I will not pretend to decide, we must ask counsel from

above!) but never will she soften, in compliance with self interest.—The dignity of Justice pays no regard to this; her course must be steady and sincere—sometimes, indeed, she is not in our power, as the poverty of a man may prevent him from being actively just to those he is concerned with, but whenever this is the case, the wish and the effort will no doubt be accepted, provided they are undissembled. Justice may reign with as much ardour in the bosom of a private individual as in the breast of a prince, and though it is not so splendid in its effects, still it may shine in the little circle he belongs to, so that no one is injured by any connexion or trust in him. Virtue can never

"Lose its sweetness on the desart air."

Whatever we may think of it, some way or other its effects are beneficial.—The gentle taper on the heath may guide some traveller on his way, or be the means to rescue some miserable wretch on the edge of a precipice! A man may be just at least, to the characters of those around him; he may give his humble testimony to truth and virtue!—to the cause of innocence, integrity, and distress—a duty particularly enforced in holy scripture.—He may resist (by the grace of God) every opportunity

of trespassing on his neighbour, and if any are subservient to him, his preference and favour may be given to the most worthy.—I must observe that Justice and integrity are inseperably united, and they are founded on the eternal basis of truth.—In every illusion of life, a dignity attends them.—Indeed, a man who has no regard whatever to Justice, should be a companion to the beasts of prey, as he is the universal spoiler and scourge of society.—Were it not for the rigour of law, I fear this dangerous and ferocious character would be still more common.—In proportion to the horror and dread it excites, is our admiration of those who have exerted their power and authority to promote Justice, and maintain the order of society: our noble and immortal ALFRED may be placed in this rank.—As a mighty warrior, the number of battles he is said to have fought is incredible, but it is his character for Justice and wisdom which has rendered him truly illustrious in the eyes of his posterity. When a man is just in his generation, as well as benevolent, the happy effects of it may extend (by the divine blessing) to those that are "yet unborn."—So glorious a quality is Justice, and it must ever maintain its rank. Happy should

we esteem ourselves to reside where its noble privileges continue, and the insolence of wealth is forbid to transgress its boundaries. Surely there must be a strange depravity in man when the long continuance of a blessing is sometimes the cause of his disregarding it, and he receives with insensibility what it would stab him to the heart to be deprived of.

ON

MAGNANIMITY.

At times when we are encircled with doubts and perplexities, deserted by the world, when complicated disappointments and sorrows appear to be armed against us, at such seasons there is a peculiar call upon the soul to put on its armour, and consider its own situation—whether it is on firm ground to endure the heat of the battle,—whether is has a real defence from the storm, and such a provision as it may depend upon in an enemy's country; then should it strictly examine the nature of its succours, —if the vessel to which it commits itself, will carry it safe into harbour.—All these are useful and proper enquiries: these are suggested by true fortitude and wisdom. In times of danger, the magnanimous chief or general gives not himself to sloth or des-

pair, like a pusillanimous coward, no! he seeks for honourable expedients and resources, such as are suited to the emergency of the case; and thus should we act in our spiritual interest, the important exigences of life, and the still more important concerns of the immortal soul: a very great provision is made for it by our blessed religion, ample resources are unfolded, and it seems strange and inexcusable that it should desert itself and yield to despair, when Heaven has fought for it and most graciously has contrived its rescue.—But the afflicted or exasperated man will say, I perceive no hope amidst the troubles and provocations I meet with, they are insupportable!—tell me not that providence or mercy will grant me relief.—I perceive my enemies triumph, they prevail, they insult me!—I suffer excrutiating torture—oppression and cruelty, without compassion or redress.—In every attempt I am baffled, and even the kindness I have conferred only increases contempt, and aggravates ingratitude! —I am tempted to treachery, to injustice, and in such distress would it not be pardonable?—no! if such is thy case, still it is not hopeless.—Go thou sufferer to the word and good spirit of thy Maker! there mayest thou find, He has given a glorious

opportunity to become a christian hero; fighting manifestly, victoriously beneath His banner;—there alone is safety, and true honour, thou hast every thing to encourage thee to it.—Then shalt thou experience support and resolution though it seems to be lost, and find an anchor for thy soul, though the waves of adversity may rage and beat against thee.—In such a state the sufferer is transplanted as it were to a different region.—By numerous authors I think he has been likened to a traveller, whose fare may be rough and uncomfortable, but he considers the inconveniences of the road of no great consequence, as he travels to a delightful home.—Luxuries therefore might be more injurious to him than hardships, as they would probably fascinate his attention and delay him on his journey, or they might render him unwilling or unfit to proceed;—at least it might abate his vigilance and relax his ardour.—When once the mind is enriched and irradiated by divine truth, the correspondence of principle and action, produces real Magnanimity.—The energy of the soul is wonderfully encreased and its views being enlarged, that generous disdain of selfishness prevails, and that fearless intrepedity which rises to the sublime in character and conduct.—We

admire it in conquerors, in those who are eminent for loyalty or patriotism, in those who nobly refuse the influence of corruption, and the wages of covetousness—who die for their king or country!—But exclusive of those brilliant examples which are every where extolled and selected with the fire of enthusiasm, of which we have illustrious instances in the annals of history;—exclusive of actions and achievements which are read of with avidity, and represented, both in poetry and prose, with all the fervour of eloquence; there is, as an author observes, —"many a battle won, and many a battle lost, un-"known to the world"—there is many a silent combat and conflict within the breast which is owned by real Magnanimity.—Many an affront forgiven, many a trial sustained, many a pang endured which never has breathed a murmur on the ear of compassion, or solicited relief, or demanded fame from the world! Magnanimity may be found in the lowly cottage and the humblest walks of life, but to find it in all its excellence and beauty we should seek for it where the soul is elevated beyond this sublunary scene, even to sustain the worst it can meet with in the cause of truth. Fidelity to that glorious Master, at all events, is a certain source of Magna-

nimity, and whether it is to encounter the awful approach of death, or the frowns of the world, the censure of the severe, or the ridicule of the gay, the allurement of that it loves, or the tyranny of that which it hates, it shrinks not but still retains its intrepedity—never will it seek for safety at the expence of conscience, or extricate itself from shame by falsehood or equivocation.—There is somewhat of royalty in the features of true Magnanimity which no disguise can obscure; but it is the office of christianity to adorn and soften them with the graces of meekness and humanity.—That alone which places the noblest exertions within the sphere of duty, and gives them true wisdom, can produce this effect.

Magnanimity indeed, is admired by the world,—it is allowed, as I may say, to remain exalted on its pedestal; but by many it is esteemed as too lofty or romantic for common imitation, and even envy itself permits it to enjoy that honour, which is purchased in opinion, at so dear a rate.

Extraordinary examples of courage and disinterestedness are surveyed with that kind of emotion

which we feel on the contemplation of sublime objects in art or nature, but it is familiarized to us by that Power which softens to the mildest benignity and exalts to the greatest heroism.

ON

TRUTH.

We need not be surprised that it has been the vigorous attempt of many to disguise the excellence of Truth, since it is the interest of the powers of darkness to obscure her lustre. Error may indeed be considered as the nurse and comforter of vice, and in patronising the one we enlarge the power and promote the security of the other.—It is certainly of great importance to the cause of depravity, that Truth should be kept at a distance, and as it is actually impossible to subdue her, or to banish her to the realms of oblivion, every exertion is made in order to raise a mist which may prevent us from beholding so bright an object. Every effort is used to confuse our senses, and stun us, that we may not distinguish her voice,

and a glass of distortion is also invented, to alter her celestial features, and disguise her immortal beauty.—How far such infernal attempts have succeeded, the melancholy influence of modern philosophy may explain, and the distraction of sorrow from which she has torn its remedy. But still, however, in some few instances, error may have seemed to triumph (as rebels may cause a disturbance though the empire is unmoved) yet Truth, as she is of divine origin, must always maintain her right; and whether she is ridiculed in the scene of profane and clamorous mirth, or denied by the gloomy defender of deism, she remains upon a rock, where the billows may beat, and triflers may attempt in vain.—Indeed, there are few that will deny that Truth is a very essential guardian of society, but it is imagined sometimes, she is of a nature too solemn and sublime to be constantly our companion.—It is surely, a curious kind of respect (if it is one) which would wholly exclude her from the hour of convivial mirth and establish a system of familiar intercourse and conversation, which is absolute rebellion to her laws.—If politeness and courtesy have their claim and season, why should such a privilege be assigned to them which we give

not to misery and distress?—If the wretched mendicant is condemned and punished for falsehood and false pretences, who varnishes over his story with imaginary woes, why should the sprightly member of fashion be permitted to deceive, and mislead, or misrepresent from the prerogative of superior wit or fortune?—Why should an imposition on credulity be pardonable in those who have no pretence while it is actually punishable in those who have one?—Amusement and triumph, derived from such causes cannot be considered as innocent or laudable; and allowing to raillery all that it can reasonably demand, its bounds should be marked and ascertained, and the spark which blazes for a moment, most certainly, should be carefully extinguished, before it has reached too far.—With respect to more serious subjects (as considered by the world in general) there needs not eloquence or ability to plead the cause of truth, or to shew her necessity; though sometimes, in candour and prudence, a veil may be thrown over her by a delicate and cautious hand!—The brave man and the man of honour, even worldly honour, must value her as his life.—It is known that Truth is an indispensable part of the character of an hero, and he resents

the suspicion that he can deviate from it.—Even the sanguinary displeasure, ever to be condemned and deplored, is a savage testimony at least to the importance of Truth, though a mistaken one.—When falsehood and dissimulation are habitual, they are generally the partners of meanness and cowardice, and indeed, of cruelty. When security is desired by any means, and every means is admitted, how can we expect mercy or magnanimity from such a character? It were absurd to expect them!—There is often ferocity without valour, as well as policy without wisdom.—When a miserable individual begins to take refuge in falsehood on account of his transgressions, it is only like a stag, who flies to a thicket for shelter, where he may pant for a while, but he will infallibly be caught at last.—Whatever may be endured, there is a path as well as language sacred to Truth, which real intrepidity must pursue, and wisdom will find it the best.—Sympathy and friendship at least, will venture to accompany it.—Those who are truly noble, will compassionate its sorrows, and as far as Truth permits, will vindicate its fame; whilst mercy exceeding all human protection and assistance is open and accessible for its relief.—Ten

thousand resources may be offered to the base and dishonourable, and asylums (such as they are) in every quarter—but what is this?—Only a short suspension from infamy, whilst the arrow of conscience is festering in the heart, and gasping terror, aggravated by guilt, is every instant expecting vengeance and death, in its pursuers.

When he turns from the scenes of artifice and treachery too dreadful and too intricate to examine, how noble, how dignified, appears the fearless countenance of Truth!—Notwithstanding the efforts to vilify and degrade her, she steps forth, with the beauty of unfading youth, the royalty of empire, and the courage of heroism! and every opponent she has, shrinks into insignificance in comparison. Even the base and unprincipled wish, at some period of their lives, to make an appeal to her.—If there is any ground for hope, any extenuation of guilt whatever, it is to her that it is submitted, they dare not hope for her applause, and they dread her condemnation; but if comfort in the most desperate state is attainable (strange as it may seem to say), it is Truth alone that can bestow it.—She is mercifully revealed to

us in all her glory! and although at first, she may terrify, dazzle, and confound us, yet the forlorn wretch, and the sufferer who commits himself to her guidance, will find that he is at length, in the path of safety.—This is one of the noblest triumphs of Truth—she wounds to heal and her cordial is divine!

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